THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TO SPRING.

O, thou with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the listening
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilion; issue forth
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumed garment; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee.

Oh, deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses on her brow; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languished head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee.

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!

OR,

The Trail of the Scarlet Seven.

A Romance of the Fatal March.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Wolf Cap," "Lost Sachem," "Silver Rifle," "Weptonomah," Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

LEONO, THE DELAWARE GIRL.

Man to man so oft unjust
Is always so to woman; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idols. —*Byron.*

The reader will readily recall Lieutenant Dumas' departure from the renegade's cabin. The passionate Frenchman was in no enviable mood, while he walked towards the stream, for he clenched his hands convulsively, and incoherent sentences dropped from his lips. He was a man who could not be trifled with without danger, a fearless soldier, and, like many of his countrymen, a devoted enthusiast. He felt confident of beating Braddock on the morrow; and for the hair of the king's general, he had offered a tempting reward. A man who had fought several duels, who would not brook an insult, was the right person to meet the impetuous Braddock. More than such a man as I have briefly described him, was Lecour Dumas.

He did not see the figure that rose from the dim shadow cast by the cabin, and followed him towards the river. His own thoughts—his plannings for the future—kept him busy; and shut out the footsteps he otherwise might have heard.

His trailer was an Indian girl, who bore a slender rifle in her hands; and her dark eye, flashing with jealousy, never left him. She was not a Shawnee as her lineaments indicated; the silver crescent pierced by an arrow on the butt of the rifle—the totem of a Delaware clan—proclaimed her nationality. She was evidently the daughter of a chief, for the various ornaments on her person never graced the form of a common warrior's child.

She did not seek the shadows that fringed the trail the Frenchman was making; on the contrary she walked erect, wishing, no doubt, that he would hear her step and turn. He led her to the very margin of the river, and paused beneath the boughs of a wide spreading oak. Leaning against the tree, he wiped his forehead, and in meditation folded his arms upon his breast. The Delaware girl watched him curiously, for she had halted scarcely twenty feet away, and more than once, with a smile on her lips, she raised the rifle and leveled it at his head. What a splendid target the soldier made! and more than once a dark frown passed over the face of the girl—a frown that seemed to seal his doom.

For many minutes he stood under the tree without motion, the girl watching him vigilantly, and when he did start she stepped forward.

Then he caught the sound of her feet, and his hand darted to the pistol, half hidden on his thigh.

But her voice arrested the action before the weapon could be drawn.

"It is no foe, Lecour," said the girl, in good French. "Only Leono is here."

He smiled upon the girl who had paused before him, and then bit his lips.

"I was not thinking of you," he said. "Where did you come from?"

The Delaware girl blushed.

"You have been following me!" he resumed quickly, and with harshness. "Cannot Lecour Dumas leave the fort without being trailed? You should be among your people; they are going out to-morrow."

"Leono has been to the fort; the Frenchman told her there that Lecour was out, and she sought him. By the river she found his trail, and, to see him before the big battle, she followed it."

"Where did I lead you?" he asked, with a curious smile.

"He led her to the white chief's lodge; and there he made love to the Snowbird."

"Well, what of it?"

Lieutenant Dumas was losing his temper.

Straight towards them the blood-flecked horse darted in its wild fright. "Look, Leono, look! Can we not save the soldier?"

"Pretty Sword has lied to Leono," said the girl, her dark eyes flashing in their turn. "How many times has he sworn to smile on no pale woman? Let him tell her, if he can, that he has not lied."

"I am not at the confessional now," he retorted, sharply. "I can cut loose from a woman when I please, that is the custom across the water, and, if I see fit, I will follow it here. But, Leono, you are jealous without cause. I made no love to the white girl. Her father sent me to her with a message; he is at the fort. I have kissed you; but I have never touched the white girl's cheek."

"But what did Lecour mean when he told Snowbird that the man who stepped between him and the hunter's cabin should die like a wolf? Leono can understand the language of the Long Knives. While Lecour taught her the language of the French king, somebody taught her the tongue of the hunters. Lecour need not try to crawl from his actions like the coward snake. Leono heard enough, and she will not stand here and hear him lie. This is not the first time he has visited Snowbird. He——"

"Curse you, girl, have you been dogging my footsteps a long time?" he cried, stepping forward and clutching her arm. "I did not know your nature was so base. Why have you done this? Answer me, or, by the gods of vengeance, I'll give you to the fishes."

The storm of passion raged in his breast, and for a moment the fragile, dusky girl trembled in his grip.

"When Lecour ceased to come to Leono's side, what could she do but follow him?" she asked, looking up into his eyes. "She loves him, for he told her to. He has promised to take her to his great wigwam across the waters; but he has never kept the promise. The white girl's eyes have charmed him like the serpent's charm the bird. Leono can forgive him if he will return, and forget the pale man's child. She loves him, and only the white girl does Leono hate. Will Lecour come back?"

It were hard to resist the pleadings of the forest child; and the Frenchman's gaze softened while she spoke.

"I will come back to Leono," he said, but his manner told the duplicity of his heart. "I will never leave her again."

The girl's look told that she but half believed him.

"Will he never return to the charming eyes? Will his trails always lead from them?" she asked.

"Yes."

The girl seemed satisfied.

"Leono will not follow Lecour into the wood again," she said. "He will come often to her side, and they will be happy. The Snowbird will find another lover. Kiss me, Pretty Sword. When the red coats have been slain, we will meet again."

He had released her arm, and she drew near him with the last words on her lips. Blushingly were her dark eyes uplifted, and her head dropped on his bosom. For a moment he hesitated, and then like a man who could not resist a temptation, flung his arms about her and drew her to his lips. He held her there passionately, but remained silent, and did not smile; and when he released her, he pointed to a canoe that rocked gently on the water at their feet.

"I am going," he said.

"Leono is going, too."

"With me?"

"No!"

He did not press her to embark, and she saw him enter the boat and take up the oars without another word.

"Good night, girl," he said, looking up with a faint smile; and she waived her hand and said good night in the Delaware tongue, as he pushed the boat from the bank.

Down the stream towards the Monongahela the Frenchman rowed, and soon passed beyond the sight of the Indian girl.

For several moments after losing him she stood on the bank, and then, with a glance at the priming of her rifle, left the spot, and walked rapidly towards the renegade's cabin.

There was the flash of revenge in the dark eyes so lately beaming with love for the French soldier, and a passion that she could not control burned in her bosom.

The cabin, lonely and seemingly deserted, soon came in sight, and no sounds disturbed the vigils of the midnight stars. At the edge of the clearing, Leono dropped to the ground and began to approach the door. She crawled along the path that led from the hut to the stream, and every now and then paused to listen and to look. Her rifle was trailed without noise at her side; and when she reached the door, that stood slightly ajar as though the tenants of the cabin were absent, there was the glitter of steel in her right hand.

She crouched on the stoop and put her ear to the crack. Not a sound rewarded her. Disappointed, she gently pushed the door open and crept across the threshold.

A dim starlight revealed the interior of a small room, the puncheon floor of which was clean. Leono saw a rough table, several stools, and a cot. The last named article of furniture filled one corner of the apartment, and towards it, after a longer scrutiny, the red girl moved. She approached the corner cautiously, and paused at last over the couch.

The breathings of a dreamful sleeper, whose white face, half hidden by a snowy arm, was faintly visible, fell upon her ears; and she looked until she saw more plainly.

Kate Seymour, the renegade's child, slept beneath the knife of her dark-skinned rival, never dreaming of the proximity of the gleaming blade.

The thrilling tableau remained undisturbed for a moment.

Leono put forth her hand, and removed the sleeper's arm from her face.

The touch roused the white girl, and she started up.

"It is Leono!" said the Indian, triumphantly, pushing her rival back, and raising the knife. "Is the Snowbird ready to die?"

Astonished, bewildered by the scene so unexpectedly revealed, Kate Seymour stared at the maddened girl, unable to speak.

CHAPTER V.

A RESPITE. THE BATTLE.

Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
Nothing there save death was mute:
Stroke and thrust, and flash and cry
For quarter or for victory:
Mingled there with the volleying thunder.
—*Siege of Corinth.*

It took the renegade's daughter a minute to comprehend her perilous situation.

She saw the glittering blade, the flashing eyes of the Delaware girl, and felt the scarlet hand on her shoulder. Though they had never met before, she knew who Leono was, for she had heard of her, and of her father, the thunderbolt of the Pennsylvania border. Yet she could not conceive why the red girl should seek her life, when the renegade was her father's friend and fellow hater of the English. It was a mystery to Kate Seymour, and one which she hastened to solve.

"The white girl is not afraid to tread the starry trail," she said, when she had recovered from her bewilderment. "But she would not die until the big battle has been fought—until she sees the scalp of the British general. Then Leono can strike."

A change came over the face of the Indian girl; the revengeful features relaxed, and softened into a look akin to pity. Her grip loosened on Kate's shoulder, and the knife was slowly lowered into the fawnskin girdle.

"Leono must have been dreaming," cried the Delaware. "Why should she seek to kill Snowbird? They will be sisters. Cougar Dick and the White Chief, their fathers, are brothers."

"Yes; we will be sisters, Leono," said the white girl; "and we will never live for anyone but ourselves. I wonder what made Leono dream such a dream?"

"Ah! it was the Pretty Sword."

"Pretty Sword! Who is he?"

The face of the Indian girl grew clouded again.

"Has Snowbird forgotten the soldier who talked to her awhile since?"

"M. Dumas? No! Then he is Pretty Sword?"

"Yes. He came to the Delawares long ago," said Leono, "and made love to Tanarisscho's daughter. He gave her many pretty things, and she loved him; and he told her that some day he would make her his wife after the manner of his pale people, and take her to his great home across the water. But he left her at last—when he saw Snowbird. But he has promised to return?"

Kate Seymour could not repress a smile.

"Then you are my rival," she said, looking into the Delaware's face. "I am sure you have the best right to M. Dumas. I do not want him."

"Does not Snowbird love him?"

"No; he is yours, Leono."

The next moment Cougar Dick's child threw her arms about the white girl, and drew her to her bosom in transports of joy.

"Leono believes Snowbird," she cried. "They will be sisters forever; and when Leono has won Pretty Sword, she will send her sister many presents from across the water."

Alas, for Leono's hopes! She could not look into the future!

"Is not Leono tired?" asked Kate.

"My bed is wide enough for my sister."

"Leono is not tired. She is going towards the fort, for she would see her father before he goes out to fight the English."

"And my father is there, too," said the white girl. "Leono, I will go with you to Du Quesne."

Kate Seymour left her couch, and donned her garments, watched by the Indian girl. Her toilet completed, she took a rifle from two pins driven into the wall over the bed, and, in company with Leono, left the cabin. The trail to the French fort was well known to both, and they hurried up the majestic sylvan river, ever and anon conversing in low tones.

The first glimmerings of day found them still on the trail, but not far from the fort. Kate was anxious to reach the post before her father's departure, and Leono shared her eagerness.

It was well known that Cougar Dick and Red Dan, the renegade, would be found foremost in the coming conflict, for their antipathy towards the English smacked of diabolism. To some extent they were mysteries.

Cougar Dick, or Tenarisscho, as the savages called him, was a Delaware, rather than a Shawnee. It was merely by adoption that he belonged to the latter tribe. He had appeared among the Shawnees about fifteen years prior to 1755. He declared himself a Delaware chief, exiled for some petty crime, and the little girl whom he brought to the new nation he called Leono. At first he was received with caution, but his assimilation with the laws and customs of the Shawnees removed all dislike, and reserve vanished.

He dwelt apart from the tribe some distance above Du Quesne, and drew about him a few reckless savages, whose names soon became a terror to the settlements. As Leono grew towards womanhood, the keen observer noted that she possessed the Delaware features, and, to the surprise of some, she called herself a Delaware. But none questioned Cougar Dick's right to the girl, and the years rolled on.

From some unknown cause Tenarisscho and Red Dan never met. Both hated the English intensely; each professed admiration and friendship for the other; but no one had ever seen them together.

But let us return to the two girls, and witness with them the annihilation of a British army.

When they had reached a densely wooded glade, about four miles from Fort Du Quesne, the Indian girl halted, and looked into her companion's face.

"They come," she said.

"The English?"

"No; our people. We must hide."

Catching Kate's hand, Leono started to the right, and the twain ensconced themselves in a clump of alder bushes, which promised effective concealment.

A moment later the sound of feet was distinctly heard, and presently the head of the advancing column came in sight. Kate parted the alders with her hand, and fastened her eyes on the army. It filed through the forest without a flag to proclaim its course, and no music stirred the air. The commanding officers were not mounted, and hideously painted savages, who wore fantastic head-dresses, walked beside them. The head of the column was composed of about two hundred and fifty French and Canadians, the latter rough-looking men, and the majority renegades. The remainder of the force, numbering about six hundred, were Indians, Delawares, Shawnees, and a few fugitives.

This was the force that defeated Braddock!

"Ha! there is Pretty Sword!" suddenly exclaimed Leono, and her finger described M. Dumas, who walked beside Captain Beaujeau, the leader of the expedition.

"He is going to fight the English," said the renegade's child. "But he can do nothing. Braddock will swallow up that little army in a moment. But I do not see my father."

"He is not with them," said the Delaware. "But Tenarisscho walks with Little Tomahawk."

Kate Seymour saw the Thunderbolt walking beside a handsome young warrior who trailed a short rifle.

She did not know what to make of her father's absence, for he had told her distinctly that he would help the French in the coming battle. But it was plain that he was not with the army, and she at last began to conjecture that he had returned to the cabin. If he found it tenantless, what would he do? The question alarmed her, and she started up.

"Where would Snowbird go?" asked the Indian.

Kate made known her fears.

"He will not go back to the wigwam till after the blow has been struck," said Leono. "The pale faces could not spare him. Ah! he is ahead, watching the red coats. We must watch our fathers in the fight, and Leono must not lose Pretty Sword."

By this time the French and Indians had passed beyond the glade and disappeared; and the girls left their place of concealment and followed them.

Captain Beaujeau knew the place of ambush. His spies had informed him where the English would ford the river, and to the spot, created as it seemed for an ambush, he led his determined army. The crossing place was ten miles from Fort Du Quesne. A level plain extended half a mile from the margin of the river.

Beyond it was a hill, so uniform in its ascent, that it was little less than an inclined plane. Down this inclined surface extended two ravines, beginning near together, but proceeding in different directions, till they terminated in the valley below.

In these ravines, sufficient in extent to contain ten thousand men, the French and Indians posted themselves. Long grass and trees hid the ambuscade from the view of the English, who, unknowingly, walked straight into the jaws of death.

Kate Seymour and her companion saw the ambush formed, and from their station could see the river as well.

Hour after hour passed away; the sun crept towards the meridian, and his beams warmed the water so soon to be reddened with blood.

About noon the English reached the river, and an hour was consumed in crossing.

Then the army moved across the plain towards the hill where the foe was hid.

Washington was often heard to say during his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he ever beheld was the display of the British army that eventful noon. Every man was in full uniform; the soldiers were arranged in columns, and marched in exact order; the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, and the river flowed tranquilly behind them. Over all waved the flag of St. George, and the pageant seemed marching to some grand review.

The girls uttered exclamations of wonder and awe at sight of the English army, and held their breaths when they beheld it marching straight into the trap prepared for it by the cunning Beaujeau and his *confreres*.

Moments seemed hours to the watchers; they wondered why the battle did not open.

Suddenly a terrific volley seemed to shake the hill, and the British army staggered back. Detachment after detachment melted away before the muskets of the unseen foe, and the troops, with wild cries of despair, fell back upon the artillery, which they infected with the uncontrolable panic. It was a scene of confusion and death impossible to describe.

The fair spectators saw the British general's staff melt away like snow before the rays of the sun. Their uniforms and steeds made them targets for unerring marksmen. Braddock went down, and the army broke. The few men who stood were Washington's Virginians, but they in turn were giving away, covering the retreat of the regular troops. The breeze from the river lifted the smoke, and enabled the girls to witness the destruction of the army.

There were two members of Braddock's personal staff whom Kate Seymour had marked in the beginning of the conflict. They kept together as though they were brothers, and for a long time, amid the perils of battle, escaped unharmed. They seemed to bear charmed lives, for men fell on every side, and the blood of Braddock had splashed their uniforms.

With strange curiosity the renegade's child kept her eyes on the protected twain, and when, at last, one reeled in his saddle, she almost sprang to her feet, with a cry of horror on her lips.

The spell of protection had been rudely broken; and, while she looked, she beheld the soldier's steed plunge over the dead and dying with a red coat dangling from the stirrup.

Straight towards them the blood-flecked horse darted in his wild fright; and our heroine clutched Leono's arm.

"Look, Leono! look!" she cried. "Can we not save the soldier?"

"No; already he is dead!" said the Delaware, for a moment reluctantly withdrawing her gaze from the field.

"He wears the red coat; and his people hate the Indian."

That instant the charger dashed by, scarcely a rod away, and Kate Seymour, with a startling cry, leaped to her feet.

"Dead! no!" she cried. "I heard him utter the name of his God; and he was a young man—almost a boy!"

Her face was pale with horror, and a moment later the horse and the stirrup's captive were out of sight.

"They fly! they fly!" cried the Delaware girl, springing erect, with joy flashing from her eyes. "The English are beaten! They will not stop running this side of the stone wigwams."

Kate turned to the battle-field.

She saw the army, late so confident, in full retreat; she saw Washington and Gates, with their New Yorkers and Virginians, preserving it from total destruction; and the victors leaping from the ravines to a massacre of the wounded.

Her heart sickened at the sight, and she sought for the companion of the soldier borne so helpless and swiftly from the field by the infuriated charger.

But he was not among the fugitives.

The Delaware girl, full of excitement, was rejoicing over the defeat of the English, but Kate could not forget the pale face dragged so ruthlessly by, nor the agonizing cry to God that had fallen in accents of despair upon her ears.

"I will find him, if it be but to bury him!" she murmured.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANGRY RENEGADE.

"When headstrong passion gets the reins of reason,
The force of nature, like too strong a gale,
For want of ballast, oversets the vessel."
Higgons.

The victory was complete. Dispirited, broken, and completely defeated, the remnant of the English army was falling back upon Cumberland.

In an ammunition cart or tumbril, groaning his life away, reclined Edward Braddock, the man who would not listen to reason—the unfortunate, headstrong soldier. From his lips were constantly falling such expressions as "My poor, poor army!" "My brave boys!" but he could not retrieve the fortunes of the lost day.

Night came down upon the field of battle, and upon the beaten troops struggling through the fastnesses of the forest, wondering why the victors did not follow and complete the work of death. The regulars would not have resisted, but the foe knew the men who followed Colonel Washington.

There was one man who did not follow the army on its retreat. He was not a Frenchman, for he did not mingle with the visitors. He wore the garments of a Virginia borderman, and when the sun sank behind the waters of the Monongahela, he came upon the battle-field. The stillness of death would have reigned there, if the wolves had kept aloof, but the night prowlers had left their dens, and were sneaking among the dead. Among the dead, I say, for not a living man reclined upon that blood-drenched sod. The tomahawk had completed the work of the bullet.

The man who frightened the wolves from their horrible repasts seemed to be hunting something. Perhaps he had lost a friend or a brother in the fatal fray, and was searching for his remains. He crept to the foot of the hill and looked among the dead there, then to the end of one of the ravines, where red coats and provincials were heaped one upon the other in the vivid tableau of battle. Whenever he found a uniform, he would turn the dead wearer over, and peer into his stony face. Where Braddock fell he halted a long time, for some of the general's staff lay there, scalped and stripped.

For more than three hours the man crept among the dead, and when he at last rose to his feet, these words fell from his lips:

"I can't find him, and yet I know he didn't escape with the army. But I admit that there were fifteen minutes during which I did not see him. It is very strange! by heavens! It is mysterious. I will not let him escape. The boys knew their orders, and the man who has disobeyed I will kill. One of the birds is well caged, but the other has escaped with a broken wing, I opine. I'll go down to the house and see if the girl has heard the news."

He trod on more than one corpse while leaving the battle-ground, nor did he try to avoid them. He made a trail straight towards Daniel Seymour's cabin, and at length opened the door and stepped boldly in.

The night was advancing; the stars again shone through the window, and dimly lit up the room he entered.

For a moment he paused, and then called:

"Kate! Kate! where are you?"

There was no reply, save the echo of his words.

He repeated them in an angrier tone.

"I don't allow such proceedings," he said. "She has been getting bold o' late, and I must teach her that I, Dan Seymour, rule here. She might have known that I was coming back to-night, and I thought she would be here, waiting for the news. Curse the trollop! Where is she, anyhow? Kate!"

Again the annoying echo, and the renegade, his face flushed with rage, started to the door. He flung it aside with a power that proclaimed his anger.

"If I had the girl here, I'd shake every tooth out of her head," he said. "I can't stay here and wait for her till doomsday. I've got a captive who demands my attention, and I'm afraid he will die before I can tell him something."

It was evident that he was going to leave the house, for he had recovered the rifle he had brought thither, and stepped across the threshold, when a footstep fell upon his ear.

"The girl at last, I expect," he ejaculated, catching a glimpse of a figure advancing across the clearing in the starlight. "I've a mind to—Kate, is that you?"

"It is, father," and the girlish speaker stopped and hesitated as though she dreaded to advance and rouse the tiger that chafed in his bosom. His tone told her that he was mad.

"Why weren't you at home when I came?" he began, staring angrily into her face. "You're a pretty hussy, to be off when I've come to tell you all about the battle. Heard anything about it, eh?"

She hesitated a moment and then answered, "Nothing."

"Then come into the house, and light the lamp, and while you get me something to eat, I'll tell you all the news. Hurry up, Kate, for I've got to go away again before morning."

"Going away again?" she asked. "I thought you said you would not stay away any more after the battle, which is over now, I suppose."

"But I must not desert the boys just yet," he returned. "The Virginians killed Beaujeau and Ligney, and Dumas has a ball in his arm."

Kate had entered the house while he was speaking, and presently the imported tin fat lamp lit up the room. The renegade drew a stool up to the table, sat down and crossed his legs, while the girl took a piece of venison and some black bread from the larder.

He watched her curiously, and fell to the repast, forgetful, as it seemed, of his promise to tell her about the battle. She stood at one end of the table, watching him with a look of fear on her face. It was plainly seen that she had walked some distance; for she looked tired, and her dress was somewhat torn by briers.

"It was a terrible fight, Kate," he said suddenly, looking up. "We caught them between two fires, and they couldn't see us. Braddock has paid for his accursed obstinacy. He wouldn't profit by Cougar Dick's warning," and here he smiled faintly, "and the profitable times have passed."

He talked as if the girl before him had not witnessed the massacre, and she seemed to listen intently.

"I'm going away now," he continued, rising. "Don't leave the house during my absence. I tell you kindly that you *must* stay at home after this. I will not be gone——"

He paused abruptly and walked around the table, his eyes fastened surprisedly on her bosom. She noted the stare, and her face grew pale.

"Kate, there's blood on your bosom?" he said. "What does it mean?"

"Blood on my dress? Father, you must not see aright."

"A blood stain cannot deceive me!" he said, becoming angry again. "Kate Seymour, you have been some where. Say, where is your rifle? The pegs are bare. Tell me, girl, where you have been? Your very face betrays you. I wouldn't want a better Judas."

"I went to find you yesterday, and I witnessed the battle."

"But the blood! the blood on your bosom!" he cried, savagely. "You don't want to talk about that."

"It is nothing to you," was her defiant rejoiner.

"Nothing? I'll make it something, then!" and he approached her again. His right hand shot forward to grasp her arm, when she turned it aside, retreating from the table. He saw the hand that touched his, and at the sight of a glittering ring on one of the fingers, he paused.

"Kate, where in the name of heaven did you get that ring—that ring with the coiled serpent for its crest?" he cried. "You have found one of Braddock's men. I know it now. Tell me the truth?"

"I found a soldier wounded to the death, I fear," she said; "but I need not tell you where he is."

"Who rules here?"

"You, sir, when you can!"

"—— me, this is the height of insolence! Kate, have I provided for you for eighteen years for this? Why, girl, I am your father; but if I must teach you that I am master here, then I will. You say the man you have found may be dying. Did he give you that ring?"

She did not answer. The flush he gave her, she returned.

"He did!" cried the renegade. "I saw that crest years ago. Kate, do not lie to me. Tell me where he is?"

"I will not! You would kill him!"

"You do not know that I would, Kate. I might befriend him."

"It is against your nature; you hate everything English. I will not give him over to your rifle."

"Will not? girl, you shall!"

With the last word on his lips, he darted forward with the power and agility of the cougar, and his hand closed on the girl's arm. But with a strength that her body did not seem to know, she tore herself from his grasp, and bounded away. A cry of rage attested his chagrin, and when he sprang at her again, a knife flashed in her right hand.

The next moment the door was flung wide open, and a stalwart man, hatless, but with a bloody bandage about his head, leaped between Dan Seymour and his child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RUSSIAN HOUSES IN WINTER.

The windows are invariably double, and the space between the sashes invariably covered with a layer of fine sand, designed to absorb moisture, and prevent the frost from silvering the panes. Twisted horns of paper containing salt are set in it, and sometimes the sand is concealed by a bed of moss. There are no outside shutters or blinds, for they would be useless, since the windows remained closed all winter, being carefully filled in around the edges with cement. Heavy curtains of rich materials still further deaden the effect of the cold upon the glass, a substance much more permeable than is generally believed. Open fire-places are rare; when they do exist, they are only used in spring and autumn. They are closed and filled with flowers—flowers, which are a truly Russian luxury. The houses overflow with them; flowers receive you at the door, and go with you up the stairway. Irish ivies festoon balusters; jardinieres adorn the landings on every floor. In the embrasures of the windows bananas spread out their broad silken leaves; talipot palms, magnolias, camelias growing like trees, mingle their blossoms with the gilded volutes of the cornices; orchids hover like butterflies around lamp shades of crystal, porcelain, and curiously-wrought terracotta. From horn-shaped glass, placed in the centre of a table at the corner of a sideboard, spring sheaves of superb exotics, and all this floral splendor thrives as in a hothouse; in the street you are at the pole; within doors you might believe yourself in the tropics.

A SELFISH MAN.—Geologists sometimes find toads sealed up in rocks. They crept in during the formation periods, and deposits closed the orifice through which they entered. There they remain in long darkness and toad stupidity till some chance blast or stroke sets them free. And there are many rich men sealed up in the mountains of gold in the same way. If, in the midst of some convulsion in the community, one of these mountains is overturned, something crawls out into life which is called a man.

ALMOST as rare as genius itself is the power of feeling where true genius lies.

TO-MORROW.

There's sunshine on life's path to-day,
The flowers bloom fresh and fair;
It is youth's balmy month of May,
There's fragrance in the air.
Around his way no cloud is cast
By memory or sorrow;
He looks with rapture on the past,
And hopeful on to-morrow.

But time strides on, and from his wing
The autumn shadows fall;
Alas! the buds of early spring
Are wither'd, one and all.
And summer memories, only seem
A distant light to borrow;
While still the heart will vainly dream,
Joy may return to-morrow!

Then winter, with a ruthless hand,
Throws gloom across the scene;
And snow-storms fall upon the land,
Where sunshine late hath been.
Age shudders by the hearth a while;
And, bow'd by care and sorrow,
Looks to that future with a smile,
Where there is no to-morrow!

HELEN ROBERTS.

BY A. MANSON.

It was my pleasant lot some years since to make one of a large party spending a week at the country house of Mr. Ashington. Mr. Ashington was one of a race rapidly dying out, the country gentleman of fifty years ago, and clung tenaciously to the usages of his fathers; and as one of these had been from time immemorial to have the house full of company at Christmas, he got a large party of young people together every December.

It was not such a house as is built now-a-days. It had not been built all at one time, and was full of winding passages and staircases. One of the Ashingtons, in years gone by, had had a family so large that he had built an extra wing to the old house.

I was acquainted with nearly all the Christmas party. There were our host's son and daughter, Harold and Mary Ashington, the one as like his father as a young man could be to an elderly one, the other as like her mother as it was possible for a slender girl of twenty to be to a matron of fifty. There were his twin nieces, girls of eighteen, very pretty and very small, and so wonderfully alike that you always called Alice Agnes, and Agnes Alice, and never could remember that Alice wore the blue ribbon, and Agnes the red one. There was a Mr. Kenyon, whom I had not seen before, but whom I soon discovered to be on the best of terms with every one, and especially with Mary Ashington. There was a sailor nephew, Ben Swinton, just home after a long voyage, who drove honest landsmen mad by using nautical phrases which no one understood, instead of plain English. There was a young lady, a stranger to me, a quiet, grave-looking girl of about twenty-one, who was introduced as Helen Roberts. Then there was the dashing little belle, Kathleen Cleary, who went by the name of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and having come lately into the neighborhood, had taken all hearts by storm with her dark blue eyes, and pretty waving black hair, her never-failing good nature, and her funny speeches. Kathleen was always the life and soul of a party, and her "Ah, do now!" was found irresistible by every one but a solemn young man, Andrew Gordon, who was one of us that Christmas Eve, and who seemed terribly annoyed and bewildered if she brought her brilliant artillery to bear upon him. There were two or three other girls, neither pretty nor ugly, neither stupid nor clever, and two or three young men whom I did not notice very closely.

As I looked at the group in the cheerful firelight, for a large open fire was burning brightly, and we had no other light, I felt as though I were out of place. I was fully ten years older than the oldest of them, and was only considered young because I was unmarried, and by Mr. Ashington, because he had known me from boyhood. I knew of a gray lock growing under my brown hair, and besides, I did not feel as young as many men do at five-and-thirty. My life had not been an easy one; I had neither lived softly nor fared delicately, and though I had probably reached the end of my struggles as far as my business was concerned, my youth had fled. Another thing, too, tended to prevent any juvenile feeling; I had lost the freshness of heart which is essential to youth. A cold scepticism had taken the place of a warm faith; I did not believe in love, at least, not in woman's love, for I knew only too well how strongly and truly a man can love. Since a woman had taught me the lesson, I thought I had a right to doubt woman's faith and truth. However, there are many good and pleasant things in the world apart from man's truth and woman's falsehood, and I determined to get as much amusement out of my holiday visit as was possible, and as should make a pleasant memory for me in the coming year.

As I glanced at the circle gathered round the fireplace, my attention was arrested by Helen Roberts. Not that she was the brightest or most attractive; Kathleen and the twins were far prettier and gayer, but the quiet figure in a gray dress, of a tint so dark that it might be worn as mourning, attracted me because it looked so different from the other girls. I noticed that she wore no ornament of any kind except a plain hair ring upon one of her slender fingers. Raising my eyes from her hand to her face, I saw that she was looking steadily into the fire with an abstracted gaze, as though she saw far beyond it. I was convinced that it had been so when Ben Swinton, taking up the poker, and striking the fire, caused a shower of brilliant sparks to fly out into the hearth, making her start violently.

I crossed the room and took a seat near her.

"Are you nervous?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she answered brightly.

"But you started just now when the sparks flew?"

"Yes," she said, "because my thoughts had left this room and the people in it, and the flying sparks recalled me."

I longed to ask where her thoughts had been, but could think of no way of doing so without impertinence. She had a pleasant voice, and I liked to hear her speak, so I said:

"This is real holiday weather, is it not?"

"Yes, beautiful. They say the ice will bear by to-morrow. Do you skate?"

And remembering that at best I could skate very badly, I did not dare to say "yes," lest she should expect to see me do so, and I answered, "Very little."

She was silent again, and while I was wondering what I could say to draw her into conversation, we were called to supper.

It made us shiver only to pass through the large hall, though a fire was blazing there, too, for the night was bitter cold, and I could see through the window that the moon was shining like cut steel in the frosty sky.

Though it was Christmas Eve, our party broke up early. Some of his guests had traveled a long distance, and were wearied; and Mr. Ashington dismissed them, saying, that after that night every one should keep just the hours he chose. I was about to retire also, when my host's cheery voice called me back.

"Nay, nay, my boy, I want you to stay and have a pipe with me," and we sat down; one on each side of the cozy fireplace to enjoy that luxury.

He told me that he had arranged for a large party on New Year's Eve, and said that though he was incapable of inventing any other amusement, he was willing to do anything that any one might suggest.

In the course of conversation I learned, what I more than suspected, that Mr. Kenyon was engaged to Mary Ashington, and I learned also that Helen Roberts was an orphan, the daughter of an old schoolfellow of Mrs. Ashington's.

I had her history in a few words. Her father, a rich man, had speculated and lost all. He had sunk under the blow, as some men do, and never held his head up again, till at last he laid it down upon the pillow where the weary are at rest. Her mother had not long survived him, and at twenty-one this orphan child was compelled to earn her bread as a teacher—bitter bread, indeed, and too often steeped in bitter tears.

Mr. Ashington spoke very kindly.

"I have offered her a home with us, but she has an independent spirit, and will not accept it. She will do very well, I daresay, and if she does not, my house will be always open to her. She was to have been married last year," he added, after a pause, "but when poor Roberts failed, the lover failed, too."

"The scoundrel!" I burst in.

"I don't know," said my friend, reflectively; "I always thought the match was made by her father, and not quite to Helen's liking."

Mr. Ashington left me, and taking my candle, I went up to bed.

What I had been told about Helen Roberts was nothing new. I had heard the same thing a score of times. I had known other girls equally unfitted to do battle with life taking the same dreary step, but none had troubled me as this did. I knew too well what the struggle of life was, for had I not only just overcome its difficulties?

I thought about it for an hour, and fell asleep to dream incoherent dreams on the same subject, and finally to dream coherently enough that I had caught and kissed Helen Roberts.

Acquaintance ripens rapidly into friendship, and even into something more, when people are staying in the same house. A week of such intimacy does more than a year of casual meetings, and so it came to pass that in a few days I seemed to know Helen Roberts very well indeed, and was quite jealous that I had nothing in common with her in the past.

She was fond of horse exercise, and, instead of going down to the river with the skating party, she and I had ridden for hours through the country round. I had conversed with her on subjects which I had never before discussed with any woman, because in my arrogance I had chosen to think them all narrow-minded and shallow-brained. Helen Roberts never spoke of anything she did not understand, and I was surprised to find how clearly she thought and reasoned, giving her opinion modestly, and ready and able to defend it if I differed from her.

I enjoyed these conversations very much, her freshness and simplicity amused me, while her originality charmed me, and it pleased me much that she never began a subject, but waited for my words, and replied to them.

Her knowledge of the world was very small. I found to my surprise that she had never been either to a theatre or a ball. Her mother's delicate health had detained her almost constantly at home, she told me frankly; when I questioned her, and she had scarcely thought about such things.

Our conversation was never personal. I tried at times to make it so, but she instantly drew back from everything of the kind. I longed to tell her how deeply I sympathized with her position, and how I reverenced her for the effort she was determined to make. I even thought I would urge her to accept Mr. Ashington's offer of a home. But she gave me no opportunity.

There were great preparations made for the New Year's Eve party. An elaborate performance—it could scarcely be dignified by the name of a play—was got up by the young people staying in the house.

The plot was to turn upon the mystification consequent upon two sisters resembling each other in every point, and the characters were to be sustained by the twins, who were to dress without even the distinction of red and blue ribbons. Kathleen was to be a little Irish waiting-maid, and Ben Swinton was to appear in his own character.

The other characters were all arranged, when Mr. Kenyon, who undertook the management, discovered that he had no places for Miss Roberts and myself.

I was heartily glad of it, for I knew myself to be but a clumsy actor, and Miss Robert's total ignorance of everything connected with the stage made her very willing to be a spectator. We were therefore to see nothing of the entertainment until its presentation, and so were left more than ever to each other.

The morning of New Year's Eve dawned sunny and cold. The playwrights disappeared immediately after breakfast, and Helen and I were left to entertain ourselves.

One thing which I greatly admired in her was a sweet willingness to oblige, and I asked her to sing to me, which she readily consented to do. Her voice was not powerful, but it was true and musical, and very well trained. Her taste led her to prefer ballad music, or simple melody, and her performance of these was perfect. She had an endless variety, many that I had never heard, or knew only by name, and that morning she sang to me for an hour, while I listened in silent delight.

Though the knowledge that a man is in love may come upon him very gradually—as the thing itself comes often—I suppose that there must be one supreme moment when he first fully realizes that it is so.

This moment came to me as I sat silently listening to Helen Robert's voice. With one sudden flash of thought and feeling I knew that I loved her, that I had loved her all along, from the first moment of seeing her.

And still her voice sang sweetly on; now the air was plaintive and sad—ah, that was the pain and sorrow I would save her from; and now it was gay and bright—that was the happiness which I would bring her!

While I thought thus, and set her life to her music in that way, what was in her mind? How should I know? I had not the slightest reason to think that I was more to her than a friend. I believed I was that, for in one of our rides I had asked her to consider me so, and she had said at once that she should be happy to have my friendship. This had seemed a great thing to me at the time, but now I felt that the foundation was too slight to build upon.

She ceased singing and began to play, with a quiet movement of the hands stealing the air gently from the keys as I never heard it before.

I went to the piano, and she let her hands drop upon her lap, and looked up, expecting me to speak.

When the heart is full of any one thing, it is as easy to come round to it from one point as another. I did not care what I said, for I knew so certainly where any speech must lead me.

"This holiday is a pleasant one."

She looked up brightly.

"Yes; to me especially, for I suppose the next time I have one I shall have earned it, as I have never earned a holiday yet."

I knew what she meant. I felt that had I been a boy, I should have waited not another moment, but have poured out my heart at her feet then, saying that I would save her from that toil. But I was no boy for mere love-making, I was a man who sought to win the love of a woman who would be his wife before long.

I might have asked her so, and have obliged her to tell me in her own words what she had lost, and what she was going to seek, but I said:

"Mr. Ashington has told me that you are going to——"

I hesitated; I could think of no phrase that was not too odious, and she took up my sentence and finished it.

"Take a situation as a teacher;" but though she spoke as if it were quite a natural thing to say, her face flushed painfully.

I thought in my heart, "You shall neither do that nor any other thing that can make your dear face flush so piteously to think of, if you will only let me choose your life for you," but my spoken words were stupid enough.

"You will not like the life."

"No," she answered, quietly, "I do not expect that I shall like it; but it is my duty, and though I am weak and cowardly——"

"No, you are strong and brave," I interrupted.

She rejected my words with a slight, but characteristic movement of her hands, and continued, as though I had not spoken.

"Cowardly enough in the prospect, I dare say I shall find it difficult, not impossible."

"Why do you not accept Mr. Ashington's offer of a home?" I questioned.

"He is very good and very kind," she said, "but I could not do that. I could not eat gift-bread always, even though the kindest hand in the world put it to my lips."

"But you do not know," I went on, "how very hard it will be. So much work and so little pleasure. So much—"

I would have said more, but she interrupted me.

"Don't," she said, quickly, "don't say anything more. I have thought it all over; I know all that you would tell me, and I say there is no choice left."

She rose to leave the room, but I could not part from her so. I caught her in my arms—I who had never more than touched her hand before—and cried out:

"There is a choice left! Be my wife! Will you choose that dreary path when I ask you to walk through life by my side?"

She withdrew herself from my clasp. I had no right, and did not seek to detain her.

"See," I cried, "how strong I am! How well able to take care of you!"

I held out my hand, and in my heart I gloried that it was large and broad, a hand that could grasp and hold like a vice. I drew myself up tall by her side; I felt that moment that I could have fought with lions!

But she did not see how strong the arm was that would support her, how broad the breast on which she should lean. She had covered her face with her hands, and was weeping as the manner of some women is, without sound, but bitterly, for I saw the drops run through her fingers.

And when at last I won words from her, how sweet they were!

"I did not know how heavy the burden was until you lifted it."

I had lifted her burden then, thank God.

"And about the situation as teacher," I asked; "gone out of sight and out of mind?"

"Quite gone," my love said.

"But if you will have a pupil, you shall. You shall teach me to be good and gentle and true as you are."

I would not, if I could, write the conversation of the next hour. Her little sentences seemed to me more eloquent than any words I had ever heard. Ah, boy or man, love brings us to one level.

It is only in fiction that these delightful interviews are prolonged indefinitely; in real life they are sure to be swiftly broken in upon. I had forgotten the outer world completely, and was recalled to it suddenly.

The door opened and Andrew Gordon entered, closely followed, or rather pursued by Kathleen. She held out before her at arm's length, an old coat, so worn and torn that it might have been the original "bundle of holes sewed together." She was speaking quickly and eagerly. "Ah, no now, Mr. Gordon, put it on for a minute, and I promise you'll feel the character directly." His grave face wore an expression of solemn indignation as he turned to me, saying:

"Miss Cleary wants me to wear that thing, and be an Irish servant in the play. She says I'll feel the character as soon as I put it on; but I won't do it."

Kathleen breathlessly took up the subject.

"Ah, now, and it's so easy! Just put the coat on, and I'll teach you what to say at once."

The idea of her teaching this solemn man to be that very witty character, an Irish servant in a play, was to me so intensely absurd that I forgot my annoyance at the interruption, and laughed heartily. I turned to look for Helen, but she had left the room.

I added my persuasions to Kathleen's—who was all the time dancing round him with the ragged coat, and imploring him "only to try it on now," but in vain. She began to pout at last.

"Then you'll spoil the play," she said.

"I'd spoil it if I tried to be an Irishman," he answered.

Then she got fairly angry, and he retorted angrily, and finding that the scene was degenerating into one of their daily squabbles, I left them to settle it as best they could, and went in search of Helen.

But Helen was nowhere to be found, so I sought my host and told him all. He grasped my hand warmly.

"I'm as glad," he said, "as if you'd given me a thousand dollars! When's the wedding to be, my boy? She shall live here till then, be married from this house, and I'll give her away."

I believe that the party and the play went off very well that night. I was one of the spectators, but though my eyes were fixed upon the actors, they saw scenes that had no existence upon any stage. They were looking into the future, where sat my wife, by my fireside; my wife, who was my loved Helen now, my fire, which had never yet been lighted. And if I saw more than that, it was because happy eyes are clear and far-sighted.

I remember one thing of that evening. The dancing stopped and the music ceased as the New Year's bells began their joyful ringing. I was standing by the window, looking out upon the long stretch of country, lighted dimly by the moon which had waned to less than half, and was but just risen. Helen stood by my side, half hidden in the heavy curtain, and in that moment's hush a vow was made with hands and eyes for that year, and for all years to come.

And hitherto the vow has been kept; by her perfectly, and she has added this to all the rest, that my shortcomings have been by her nobly and freely forgiven. I was going to write that so ended my happiest holiday, but no; year by year my happiness has gone on steadily increasing, and I can date it all back to the time when I first met Helen Roberts.

WHAT RATS ARE GOOD FOR?

Of what use is the rat to man? Well, not very much that we know of; yet a few items may be mentioned. Probably we must attach much importance to the alleged prophetic powers of the rat, that if he gnaws a person's clothes, that person will speedily die; that if he suddenly quits a house, that house will very shortly be burned down; that if he deserts a ship, the ship is in a sinking state. A mill at Peebles was suddenly deserted by a whole colony of rats about twenty years ago; two hours afterwards the mill was burned down. It must be confessed that the logic is very weak which proves from these facts the possession of any prophetic power by Mr. Rat. We have evidence that he has sometimes been made useful, as an R. E. James, in his military dictionary, says: "Rats are sometimes used in military operations, particularly in enterprises for the purpose of setting fire to gunpowder. On these occasions a lighted match is tied to the tail of the animal. Marshal Vauban recommends, therefore, that the walls of powder magazines should be made very thick, and the passages for light and air so narrow as not to admit rats." We do not know whether a cruel sport can be called a useful employment of rats, but an account is given of a strange proceeding at Rome:

A large number of rats were dipped in spirits of turpentine, set on fire, and made to rush down an open flight of steps near the Vatican; they reached the bottom as masses of charred flesh, amid the shouts of the populace. Rats are worth three shillings a dozen, in England, to furnish a supply to those brutal exhibitions in which rat-killing terriers show their power. Rats are also caught for the value of their skins. There is a firm in Paris which buys the skins for this purpose. The fur is dressed into a very good substitute for beaver, while the pelt or membrane is dressed into leather so fine, elastic, and close, as to be used for the thumbs of the best gloves. If any one believes that rats are not used for human food, he must change his opinion. In Paris, the chiffoniers, or bone-grubbers, eat them. Gypsies eat such rats as are caught in stacks and barns, and are less strong in flavor and odor than those which feed omnivorously. In China, split rats are bought as a dainty. An English surgeon of some note had them cooked for his eating. In a man-of-war, where the rats made havoc with the biscuit, the sailor, had a regular *battue*, and brought down numbers of them. Jack made rat-pie baked it, and liked it. At the siege of Malta, the French garrison, when famished, offered as much as a dollar apiece for rats, or two dollars if barn-fed. During the siege of Paris, in the late Franco-German war, many tasted rat who never tasted it before.

LADY MACBETH.

At the period of Duncan's murder no Lady Macbeth existed. An English writer worked up this bit of history, for, though the records of the Scottish kings were destroyed by Edward I at the time of the Bruce and Balliol quarrel, there is yet sufficient information extant through foreign writers and the chronicles of Hollinshead to clear up the story. The father of Duncan, called Crynin or Crinan, lord of the isles, married the eldest daughter of Malcolm, the second king of Scotland. Striel, the father of Malcolm, married the second daughter. On the death of Malcolm, Duncan ascended the throne. Macbeth being the principal warrior. After several successes Macbeth set up a claim to the crown, killed Duncan in his own castle of Inverness, usurped the throne, and was afterwards slain by Macduff. Lady Macbeth is a thing of Shakspeare's creating. The woman who assisted the usurper was Duncan's own wife, the queen, who afterwards crowned her infamy by marrying Macbeth. It is supposed she was not of Scottish origin, and there is no record of Macbeth having slain Banquo or the children of Macduff. The dramatist chose to depart from history for two reasons—first, because he had in "Hamlet" already drawn a character similar to this; and, second, because he wished to imbue the ruling spirit of this regicide with the feelings of a woman, as well as the ambition of a fiend. In the portraits of Duncan and Macbeth, in the gallery of Hollyrood palace, the countenance of Duncan bears by far the worst expression of the two.

WILFUL KITTY.

BY T.

Wilful Kitty will go out a playing
On this pretty merry May morning,
And the brook will go humming to meet her:
Wilful Kitty forgets mother's warning.

Kitty stands on a stone and looks down,
And keeps saying "I won't" and "I will."
The brook looks up quietly at her:
Silly Robin, why sing you so shrill?

Kitty throws down her clothes on the stone,
And stands in her little white smock,
The brook looks more quiet than ever
In the wavering shade of the rock.

Now the brook has grown tired of playing,
It has hid Kitty under the stone,
And away it goes panting and humming:
Silly Robin, how silent you've grown!

CHARON, THE RED FOX!

A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

By CAPTAIN CARNES,

Author of "Red Kelly," "Wertani, The Scout."

[This serial was commenced in No. 31, Vol. 64. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"My dear Miss Darlingford, forgive my abrupt metamorphoses, but your father is in imminent peril, and I want your advice as to how we shall assist him."

His frank, half smiling glance reassured her, and lowering her weapon, but still retaining her hold on it, she signified her readiness to listen.

He briefly and plainly related his own business and the conspiracy which he had overheard, while with her forehead dropped against her palm she attentively listened.

"And there is no doubt but that my father is the person named by the ruffians?"

"None, whatever."

"There were three?"

"Yes, three."

She replaced the silver-mounted pistol upon the table, and began walking about the room.

"Gracie," called a wonderfully sweet, trained voice from the landing above, "are you coming back soon?"

"Tell mother, Miss Eveleth, that papa has a visitor for me to entertain until his arrival."

She then softly but deliberately closed the door; and for a brief instant Stannard was astounded by the expression of her face. In vain he tried to analyze the shock which he had received, for when he again looked upon her there was nothing there to aid him in his vague memories.

"You think that my father will not be attacked until after his arrival home?"

"As they planned it—no."

"Oh, you don't know," she said, "what a life mother and myself lead, what with my father's and brother's lives being continually exposed to merciless foes, and our inability to persuade them to return East again. They laugh at me and call me whimsical, but I do believe that it is the state of continual suspense that is killing my mother."

"And where is your brother, Miss Darlingford?"

"That question I find it impossible to answer. We know nothing of him from day to day, only as the papers occasionally chronicle his exploits. He is a leading member of the Vigilance Committee."

"Therefore, you realize the sort of foes that surround him?"

"Yes, but he is perfectly bewitched with the life—no dangers intimidate him, no difficulties are insurmountable to his will."

"And so, my dear Miss Darlingford, you must believe that he is raised up for this very purpose. How long do you think that civilization and social rights would exist here on the border, if God did not arm these brave young Davids for the fight?"

"I know," she said, lifting her brows with a matchlessly arch expression, "and it seems so grand and heroic in the brave fellows who defend us; but when our loved ones join in the fray, the paeans of victory do not offset the smart of our wounded hearts."

"It is useless to gainsay, or dispute your argument. I——"

At this moment the door was softly unclosed, and a woman of matchless beauty entered.

"Gracie, dear, will you just run up one moment? Your mother is becoming very nervous, and you can soothe her instantly."

"Yes, I will go up; please excuse me, Captain Stannard, Miss Eveleth."

Miss Eveleth occupied the time while Grace was absent with those commonplace courtesies with which every well-bred person is familiar.

Was the captain tarrying in town? One of Mr. Darlingford's old friends? and so forth. No? "Oh, excuse me, but so many of his Eastern friends were coming and going that she presumed——

"Yes, Gracie's mother was very much of an invalid. Nothing had occurred to prevent Mr. Darlingford's return—that is, nothing unpleasant?" Thus she ran on.

Miss Eveleth remained standing in the most graceful *pose* imaginable, her gauzy black dress bringing out in finest relief her sea-shell complexion and the shining yellow hair.

As Grace entered the room again, Miss Eveleth said good night, and withdrew in the most perfect manner.

Stannard, with intense satisfaction, turned from her and the odor of roses which still pervaded the apartment, to the less beautiful but more pleasing face of Miss Darlingford.

"What can detain papa?" questioned she, uneasily.

At that instant, Stannard thought that he detected a soft whistle in the street. Its peculiar tone attracted his attention.

"Please, Miss Darlingford, remove your light to the next room and let me peer through the shutters."

With singular and complete confidence, she obeyed him, and as he gazed forth he saw nothing but a glow of light in the yard outside, where it was evidently reflected from an upper window. While he gazed it disappeared, came again with a waving motion, went out, and the third time appeared stationary, while he counted ten, and then vanished altogether. So soon as his eyes became used to the darkness, he strained them to their utmost and was sure that he discovered a dim shadow moving away from the gate.

"There is no one in the yard," he explained, evasively. "I heard a singular whistling in the street, and I was curious to ascertain if any one lurked outside.

"How large a family have you here, Miss Darlingford? I am not simply inquisitive, believe me."

"To-night we are woefully small in number," and she shivered a little; "mamma, and Miss Eveleth who waits upon her. I would gladly have assumed the duties, but my parents were afraid my health might suffer, and they would not allow of it; but I don't like her"—interlarded Grace, with childlike frankness and a charming pout. "I am as jealous natured as a Spaniard, and she has so much influence over papa and mamma, and snubs me in her sweet, soft way, and——"

She caught Stannard's laughing eyes, and blushed crimson.

"What will you think?" she exclaimed. "I run on in this way to Ned, and, really, I had forgotten."

Stannard's smile reassured her, as he went on.

"There are others?"

"Yes—Dinah and papa's hostler."

"What is he like?"

"I haven't seen him to notice him. He hasn't been here but a week or two; father's old valued groom chose to go a soldiering on the frontier."

"Is he about the house?"

"I don't believe that he is. He usually tarries across the street at Dawley's saloon."

Stannard remained for some moments entirely silent, working away at a problem in his mind.

He was just as sure that the ruffians outside had been signaled how to act, by the motion of a light in or about the house, but whether to mention the matter, or in what light to place it before the young girl, was the question in his mind.

"I cannot remain quiet;" she was walking the length of the room again. "If I only knew about papa."

"If you were only sure of the way that he would come, I certainly should procure a horse and ride out to meet him."

"Before this very last time I could have told you sure, but this morning I heard him telling mamma like this 'You are *so* nervous, Elizabeth; but if you thought that you would feel easier, I would come home, if I am detained until after dark, by the other route.' I did not hear what response mamma made, but she has been having the fidgets all day. It has been: 'Grace, has your father mentioned any new danger that threatens him?' 'Is he on a more perilous enterprise than usual?' And I have replied: 'I don't know anything about the matter, mamma, he don't tell me anything scarcely.' But pray, let us go outside on the piazza, I shall suffocate here."

"This is no good," she exclaimed, turning in their walk; "you cannot hear anything but the fighting in Dawley's liquor saloon—they are always quarreling there—and the bowling alleys. Dear me! if I had the power to bring a minute's silence. It seems to me—oh, Captain Stannard, I *do* hear a shout for help outside the town, towards the lower bridge."

Stannard had heard it, too; an indescribable sound that had mysteriously separated itself from other noises and appealed to those two standing under the portico.

"A horse!" cried Stannard, leaping down the steps, having not one doubt concerning the cry and its origin.

"In the right hand stall by the door—the white horse," gasped Grace, and Stannard, waiting to hear no more, brought out the animal with only a nose halter for accoutrements, and dashed down the street at a break-neck run, hugging the creature's sides with his knees, and guiding him by a light hand-slap upon the neck.

Without waiting one moment to wring her hands, Miss Darlingford ran across the street to the hotel. She knew that late the previous day one of her brother's intimate friends was stopping there.

"Which is Dave Thorne's room?" she called out, already half way up the stairs, and the centre of a dozen pairs of questioning eyes.

"Number Forty," some one called back, and she gave a sharp rap upon the door.

"Quick," she explained in a low whisper, "run over and take one of the horses. Something dreadful has happened to father down at the lower bridge. Captain Stannard is gone down."

Not a word said young Thorne. He slid down the railings of the balusters, and shot from the end out upon the step bareheaded, and waiting for nothing, and in less than twenty minutes after the captain's departure another furious rider dashed along the same route taken by Stannard.

"Will they—will they be too late?" she mouned inaudibly, clasping a pillar of the piazza for support, and faint with terror; while other eyes, unknown to her, were watching her; other ears were listening out into the night, other nerves were strung up to as painful a tension of fear and expectancy.

Half-way between the town and the bridge Stannard heard the rush of a flying steed. At a curve of the road they nearly collided.

"Out of the way," shouted the man, whose face could not be distinguished from his dark garments; "out of the way. I am not to be overcome to-night by the fiend incarnate."

With the same call he would have ridden over Stannard, had he not softly called out the watchword of the vigilants. The flying horseman checked his animal.

"Well, thank God," he exclaimed, "if I have at last met something besides a legion of devils."

By this time Thorne had come up with them.

"You need not go any farther, Dick," said the sheriff, as he recognized the young man's voice; "I'm coming in all right, after all; but within the hour, for my family's sake, I would have paid a large assessment on a life insurance policy."

And later in the evening, over his supper, he explained the case.

"Two ruffians set upon me at Yellow Springs. It was a desperate fight, and I shot one mortally, I think, for he fell off the horse. The other one then came upon me with redoubled fury, but I won the day, although, somehow, one pistol and then the other was knocked from my hand in the melee, and I dared not wait to regain them, for the ruffian continually emitted a peculiar call whistle to draw up others of his party. I got away from him finally, and dashed ahead, lamenting the loss of my trusty weapons; but you will discover, in a moment, that the seeming ill fortune was a Providence. Unconsciously, as I rode along, my hand, with my long, sharp bowie knife, was turned back from the wrist in the very attitude to strike a downward or outward blow. Just as I dashed under the covered arch of the little bridge, I heard the singing of a lariat about my ears, and down came the treacherous noose around my shoulders, but the uplifted knife, with the keen blade turned outward, severed the rope almost as soon as it touched my shoulders."

"Was it then that we heard you call for help."

"You did not hear me call at all; it was the wretch that my horse sprang upon and knocked off the bridge. He must have been half-intoxicated not to let go of the bridle when the animal was pressing him to the verge. I only wish it had been the distance of a hundred instead of twenty feet to the bottom of the gorge."

Viewed in any and every light, it was a wonderfully narrow escape.

By-and-by, when Sheriff Darlingford and his visitor were left alone to converse upon matters of importance, Stannard remarked, with his mind still dwelling on his suspicions of the early evening:

"Darlingford, I wonder at you for remaining here with so many dangers environing you, and with a lovely young girl like your daughter participating in your peril."

"Two daughters," corrected his companion; "for, really, Miss Eveleth seems like one to me even now."

Stannard caught his meaning immediately.

"Your son——"

"Hist," said Darlingford, "do not hint at it. To meddle with the matter would be to upset it completely. Ned has seen but little of her during his flying visits, but he cannot fail to admire her. She has become an indispensable auxiliary of the family."

"What sort of a man is your coachman?"

The sheriff stared a little, but immediately replied:

"He is very thorough as far as he goes. He claims to know only two kinds of business—how to groom a horse and how to empty a whiskey bottle. No man ever was more perfect as far as they went."

Stannard smiled, and then gravely related his suspicions in regard to some one signaling the desperadoes—some one in or about the house.

Darlingford essayed to smile, but the effort finished with a wry face, as the scratches and bruises upon his visage intercepted his attempt.

"Bless you," said he, "my wife's chamber is directly over the parlor, and the passing to and fro of Miss Eveleth, or Dinah, caused the effect upon the yard of the shifting light."

There certainly seemed nothing more probable than this explanation, and Stannard felt vexed with himself for clinging to his absurd fancy.

In the morning, before his departure, he had another opportunity of conversing with Miss Darlingford, who had recovered all her natural vivacious flow of spirits, and generously accorded him as much gratitude for his readiness to rush to her father's assistance, as if he had been instrumental in rescuing him from imminent peril.

Once, while she spoke of the miraculous escape of her parent, the same change flashed over her features that before had electrified him, and for an explanation of which he in vain racked his mind.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ABORIGINAL VILLAGE.

The windings of our narrative now bring us into a basin-like valley, fertile and picturesque. The area is not extensive, but to the left it connects, by means of a narrow, green strait, with a broad vale, evidently a choice feeding ground for roaming buffalo.

There is a nameless and pleasant scent of bruised and trodden foliage and green-bough smoke, with a substrata of other smells not as agreeable, but quite as suggestive of the cause.

An Indian village of some twenty lodges is temporarily situated on the banks of the mountain stream that rushes its crooked and brawling way through this romantic valley.

Viewed from the windward side, through a gauzy vail of romance, and the purplish, late summer haze, it made up a pastoral picture in elegant framing.

The mellow summer sky; the encircling, irregular, variegated mountains and slopes; the streaming rill, coming leap by leap down the hill sides; the lodges, with their mouths gaping to the south; and the pungent smoke, sifting itself through the sticks of the ridge-pole, with moving figures upon the green sward, and urchins gamboling about, combined to make an acting picture or poem.

But, come near, from the leeward quarter; centre your olfactories on the substrata of scents; see the bones and entrails of buffalo festering outside the camp; see the fat, waddling Indian princesses in the rear of the skin-houses splitting kindling-wood, the while that their yellow fangs hold persistently to civilization's long clay pipe, and their greasy, dirty petticoats rattle like old parchment, and sticky pitch and smut goes cheek by jowl with them.

Listening, we hear none of that lofty and concise language that the paper "Injun" so fluently utters.

When the thing isn't overdone by romancers; when you come right in behind the scenes, you will find that he harangues in the regular "washish, sharpershoo, sharooh!" that he holds his raw or half raw, dripping meat in his dirty fingers, and adjusts his chignon in the same unwashed way.

Believe me, nothing would give a sensitive person's nerves a greater shock, than to be transported—if such a thing were practicable—from the delightful pages of a border romance, and in the tents of the ungodly take a dose of unadulterated Indian.

A lovely twilight settled over the scene. The lazy, redolent braves, stuffed to bursting with the spoils of the day's chase, lay on the turf smoking their tobacco, while the squaws finished their menial tasks.

As the dusk deepened, there issued from the most pretentious lodge of the village a young girl, whose pale visage, and sunken eyes and lagging step, bespoke present suffering or recent illness; and, flanked by a waddling old squaw, she slowly passed down to the stream, and crouched down upon the bank. Her expression was so hopeless, that it was evident that her spirit was broken.

For weeks the tall, repulsive, and greasy chieftain, with his hair done up very high behind, and his breech-cloth bound in by a belt fringed with bear's teeth, strutted about the lodge where the old platter-faced squaw guarded the white captive, until horror and despair had preyed upon the poor girl's spirits, and brought on a debilitating sickness.

Every faculty seemed inactive, and she had prayed for death to release her from this dreadful bondage.

During this time, with what English the tribe had picked up, and what of their language she had made out, they conid understand each other, assisted by the shrugs, scowls, and grunts on the part of the captors.

To her unspeakable horror she learned that Big Tree intended to take her to his wigwam with the coming of the harvest moon, and, in her agony, she resolved to starve herself to death.

As she for several days persisted in refusing food, her captors understood her purpose, and ma'am squaw, instigated by her son and heir, so far forgot the chronicled nobility of the red man's nature, and the rules of Miquette and hospitality, that she pinned the prisoner down, by squatting upon the skirt of her dress, and, taking her captive's nose between one taper thumb and finger, she pinched and held on, until the poor girl was obliged to gasp for breath, when she slushed down her throat some sort of a villainous gruel, which neither agreed with the sight, the scent, nor the taste, meanwhile mumbling, "time! white squaw, you no eat? um! ugh!" with considerable other advice that had due effect, for Elsie Barbour did not choose afterwards to object to eating a small portion of the food proffered her.

She felt, when reclining upon the green borders of the stream, that if she could lie out there all the time, she should grow well and hopeful, but there was a continual guard over her, and only twice a day was she allowed to go this distance; and what could her day dreams and her slumbers be, with just above her head a number of terribly crawled together bunches of hair, and the fiery glances of the pig-eyed chief falling upon her from the triangular doorway?

It seemed to Elsie, as she sat huddled together by the border of this miniature river, that earth never hung out so many beauties before, and "Oh, to be free! to be free!" she kept repeating to herself—"oh, to be free once more!"

Memory, carrying her back through her past happy life, made the contrast unendurable.

Once more she in frenzy pleaded with her repulsive jailoress.

"Oh, permit me to return to my people. You shall have beads and blankets and knives. Let me go! let me go to them!"

"Ugh!" was the encouraging response.

"I shall die! I shall die here!"

"Big Tree's squaw—have no people then but big chief's people. No die then."

Elsie groaned in utter despair.

And the old squaw squatted upon her haunches, in the exact attitude of a frog when about ready to leap into the water, and smacked her chops in the greatest satisfaction.

Quite a breeze was stirring among the hills, and so it was not singular that the feather of a buzzard should gyrate from above and settle at her feet.

Involuntarily she picked it up, and began stripping the down from the quill. The rotund princess, with her reddish eyes blinking and blinded with the smoke of her stumpy pipe, saw nothing of the feather's descent, nor noticed that another one, with exactly the same motions, dropped at Elsie's feet.

The captive, somewhat aroused by the strange coincidence, mechanically took this one up, and immediately noticed that it was unusually heavy for a feather of that dimension, and turning it carelessly over in her hand, a minute plug of wood was visible in the end of the quill. Picking this out, a small shot rolled into her palm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRANZENSBAD MUD BATHS.

The mud baths of Franzensbad, in Bohemia, are no figure of speech. It is mud, black, unmitigated mud into which you enter—mud fresh from the marsh, and, by careful decoction in heated boilers, reduced to a mass of pasty earth, thick with the remains of extinct animalculæ and the deposits of antediluvian forests. "Marsh bath" is the precise English equivalent for *moorbad;* but the freer rendering of moor bath conveys an impression equally correct.

Imagine the reluctance with which one enters his first *moorbad!* Into your bath-room is wheeled the rough, black tub, half full of a steaming mass, suggestive of the black broth of witches' deadly brewing. In its semi-liquid mass slimy monsters may have, indeed, disported themselves in the days when Bohemia was the bed of an inland sea, and Franzensbad the marsh upon its borders, and no powerful effort of imagination is required to fancy them still present. As a Swedish lady quaintly expressed it: "I did just wait for it to be alive, and to sting me."

Into the depths of the mud the *badmeister* plunges a naked arm, and stirs the mass, filling the room with the pungent odor of the minerals and gases to which it owes its healing virtues. Your bath ready, an effort of will conquers the repugnance which struggles with the curiosity of a new experience. Once in, with the warm mass gently enfolding you, the sensation is sufficiently agreeable to prompt a repetition of the experiment. Strict orders forbid immersion above the armpits, and the sight of an agreeable stretch of white skin gives, by contrast, a darker coloring to the depth in which most of the person is hidden. Profound speculations as to the possibility of ever being clean again occupy the fifteen or twenty minutes of immersion. A second bath in a tub of mineral water standing by gives only an unsatisfactory answer to this question; for you must go through your course of mud baths, haunted by the sense of deadly peril to salvation, if cleanliness is, indeed, akin to godliness. In spite of faithful cleansing, it will continue to blacken the nails and linger about the person; a faint mineral odor, which, though suggestive of neither eau de cologne nor lavender water, is not positively disagreeable. After all, it is only the idea; the mud that covers you is cleaner than it looks; and were it not for the shock that comes through the sense of sight, the experience would be in every way agreeable.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

The Chinese Tartars are particularly averse to allowing Europeans of any kind entering into their country, and throw every imaginable obstacle in the way of travelers who are anxious to cross the frontier into Chinese Thibet.

An amusing story is told of an English officer who once attempted to enter Chinese Thibet. He had succeeded in giving the guard at the frontier the slip at night time, and was happily pursuing his way next morning, congratulating himself on having entered into the forbidden land, when he was overtaken by a portion of the guard, who politely intimated that, since they saw he was determined to go, they would make no more objection to his doing so, only they would accompany him, in order to protect him from robbers. This arrangement worked very well for a few hours, until they came to a deep-sunk river and a rope bridge—one of those bridges in which you are placed in a basket, which is slung from a rope, and so pulled along that rope by another and a double rope, which allows of the basket being worked from either side. Over this river some of the Tartars passed first, in order to show that the conveyance was warranted not to break down, and then our traveler himself got into the basket, and was pulled along. So far everything had gone on well; but, when he had got half-way across the river, his protectors ceased to pull, sat down, lighted their pipes, and looked at him as they might at an interesting object which had been provided for their contemplation. "Pull!" he cried out, "pull!" on which they nodded their heads approvingly, but sat still and smoked their pipes. "—— it, pull, will you? pull!" he cried out again, becoming weary of the basket; and then he tried all the equivalents for "pull" in all the Eastern languages he knew; but the more he cried out, the more the Tartars smoked their silver pipes and nodded their heads, like Chinese porcelain mandarins. They interfered, however, to prevent his pulling himself one way or another; and, after keeping him suspended in the basket till night, and he was almost frozen to death, they made an agreement, through a Thibetan-speaking attendant, that they would pull him back if he would promise to recross the frontier.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

GOOD ADVICE.—Never sit, stand or lie in a current of air when you are fatigued or warm.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE GUMS, use half a teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh in half a tumbler of water. Rinse the mouth three times a day.

SILK STOCKINGS, after being carefully washed in a suds of milk-warm water and fine soap, should be drawn into a good shape, and rolled into a towel until dry.

Do your husband's and brother's boots let water through them? Then apply tar and oil, after being thoroughly mixed, and you will have no further trouble.

BENZOLE MAGNESIA, a simple paste made of calcined magnesia and benzole, will take grease spots out of everything, however delicate. A paste of soda and quicklime is good to take oil-stains from wood floors.

LAMP-CHIMNEYS may be, in a measure, prevented from sudden cracking, by immersion in cold water in a suitable vessel, the last being set on the stove until the water boils. The chimney is then removed, and allowed to cool slowly.

IT may be worth knowing that, by plunging a sheet of paper into an ammoniacal solution of copper for an instant, and then passing it between cylinders and drying it, it is rendered entirely impermeable to water, and may be even boiled in water without disintegrating. Sheets so prepared, if rolled together, become permanently adherent, and acquire the strength of wood.

CURE FOR SORE THROAT.—One ounce of camphorated oil, and five cents' worth of chlorate of potash. Whenever any sorences appears in the throat, put the potash in half a tumbler of water, and with it gargle the throat thoroughly, then rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil at night before going to bed, and also pin around the throat a small strip of woolen flannel. This is a simple, cheap, and sure remedy.

WICKS OF KEROSENE LAMPS.—The unsatisfactory light frequently given by kerosene lamps is often due to the wick. The filtering of several quarts of oil through a wick, which stops every particle of dust in it, must necessarily gradually obstruct the pores of the wick. Consequently, although a wick may be long enough to last some time, its conducting power may be so impaired that a good light cannot be obtained. Hence the wicks should be renewed often, and made shorter.

REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.—Take a quarter of an ounce of camphor, cut it up, and place it in a basin; now add half an ounce of rectified spirits; stir together, and the camphor will dissolve. Next add one ounce of rectified turpentine. Now put in one raw egg; beat the whole well together, and all the ingredients will unite. Finally, gradually pour in half a pint of white vinegar; put all together in a bottle, and properly label it. It should be applied with a pad of flannel, using a little friction.

TO REMOVE GREASE, TAR, OR PITCH. For grease spots of any kind, benzine or gasoline are much used, applied with a small sponge or linen rag. They do not injure any colors, but they have to be used with a good deal of perseverance, or they will spread the spot without entirely removing it. Tailors use equal parts of alcohol and ammonia to clean coats and pants, and nothing is better. For very nice articles, chloroform is better than anything else. It will remove all kinds of grease, paint, or varnish.

A PRETTY AND CHEAP PICTURE FRAME.—Take pasteboard the size the frame is desired to be; cut brown paper into squares of about two inches, and fold so they will form points; sew these to the pasteboard in rows, going round and round the frame, so as to cover all the ends, and then the space in the centre, where the ends of the paper meet, cover with paper folded so as to form what is called catstairs, and this will cover all the ends and threads; tack this to a wooden back, and varnish. This makes a very pretty and cheap frame.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THE English reviewers of the Old Testament have reached the ninth chapter of Isaiah.

GERMANY has just launched her seventh first-class ironclad, and will have another afloat by next April.

THE cost of the Government of Great Britain, estimating the pound sterling at five dollars currency, is $492,500,000, and that of the United States is $674,000,000.

A COVINGTON lady started a "Matrimonial Intelligence Office" recently, and managed to marry herself to the first man that applied, which proceeding brought the institution to an end.

THE orders received in Sheffield, England, from America, for files, saws, tools and cutlery were lighter during the last season than they have ever been. This is largely owing to home-made articles taking the place of British throughout the country.

THE use of distilled water on ships is regarded by competent medical men as to a certain extent injurious. They would have a condensing apparatus always on board, not to be used, however, except in cases of absolute necessity. The exclusive use of distilled water is believed to be productive of scurvy.

IN the Austrian service, to every thousand combatant foot-soldiers there are 103 cavalry and 4 field guns; in the Russian army in Europe, 178 cavalry and 4 field guns; in that in Asia, 910 horsemen and 3 guns; in the Italian army the proportion is 57 cavalry and 3 guns; in the Prussian army, 117 cavalry and 3 guns; in the French, 119 cavalry and 5 guns, and in the British service, 133 cavalry and 4 guns to every thousand foot-soldiers.

IT is reported of a woman in New York that she had lost her speech mysteriously at the age of twenty-two, was afterward married, and suddenly recovered the use of her tongue on the 20th of January last, having been forty-two years speechless. It is a wonder she didn't continue speechless through astonishment at the mysterious cure. Her husband must have been unusually aggravated that day, and woman's nature, which is a determined tendency to speak one's mind, came to her relief.

A COMPANY is in process of formation in London for the purpose of providing retiring rooms, dressing and washing rooms, and tea rooms, for ladies, in the principal streets of that city, and ultimately in the chief towns of the country. No male persons are to be allowed on the premises. The charges are to be—for retiring rooms, 1d.; for dressing and washing rooms, with the use of soaps, towels, brushes and combs, glasses, etc., 2d.; for the use of tea rooms, including small pot of tea with biscuits, 4d.

THE making of Egyptian air-castles, cut circular by compass, and folded in eight creases to form a globe, furnishes employment for fashionable young ladies of an industrious turn of mind. They are composed of paper of various bright colors, and when formed into globe-shape are strung upon a cord, five or six different colors together, and hung in a portion of the room where a gentle current of air will set them in motion. They get "excited" at length, and go whirling around windmill fashion, eventually all tangled up in a pretty little snarl, forming but one globe in appearance. Whoever can understand this should try the amusement by all means.

THE sex of offspring as affected by the relative ages of the parents, according to Mr. Sadler's table, of children born in Great Britain, the proportion of male births to every one hundred females was, if the father was younger than the mother, 86.5; if the father and mother were of equal age, 94.8; if the father were older by one to six years, 103.7; from six to eleven, 126.7; eleven to sixteen, 147.7; sixteen or more, 103.2; that is, the older the father's age relatively, the greater the proportion of male children. As a general rule, the husband is older than the wife, and the proportion of male to female children is about 106 to 100.

PEOPLE who fear that they may possibly be buried alive will be glad to know that Dr. Douchut, one of the leading physicians of Paris, has obtained a prize from the French Academy of Medicine for his discovery of a method by which to distinguish real from apparent death. The discovery is thus explained in one of the medical bulletins: When the temperature falls to twenty degrees above zero Centigrade, or sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, death is certain. Now Dr. Douchut has devised a thermometer-like instrument, which he calls a necrometer, so graduated that if, when placed under the armpit of a person supposed to be dead, it marks zero, then life has indeed departed beyond any possibly of mistake.

A CERTAIN New York boot-black has a more lucrative income than some of the leading business men, and it is said that the cake and pie stand at the Post-office is worth more than any clerkship in that institution. There is also said to be a news-stand in the same neighborhood whose income is preferable to many a distinguished city editor, while the fellow who sells cakes and coffee on another corner has realized sufficient to purchase a farm beside fifty or sixty thousand dollars' worth of real estate in Gotham. Another man is growing rich by purchasing pigs' feet at the slaughter-house for $1.25 per hundred and then turning them into souse, for which he has a large and growing custom.

OCEAN PERILS.—The Committee of Management of the Bureau Veritas has just published the list of maritime disasters reported during the month of December, 1874, concerning all flags. This list gives the following statistics: Sailing vessels reported lost, 316, viz.: 153 English, 30 French, 29 Italian, 21 Norwegian, 18 German, 11 American, 11 Russian, 9 Greek, 8 Dutch, 7 Swedish, 5 Austrian, 4 Danish, 3 Spanish, 2 Portuguese, 1 Brazilian, 1 Nicaraguan, 1 Peruvian, and 2 of which the nationality is unknown. In this number are included 7 sailing vessels reported missing. Steamers reported lost, 20, viz.: 11 English, 3 American, 2 Austrian, 1 Spanish, 1 Italian, 1 Norwegian, and 1 of which the nationality is unknown.

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"IF."

How we swing and hang the balance on the pivot "If!" If we were rich instead of poor, into what manifold blessings should our gold resolve itself! How those dear to us, deserving yet never possessing aught of this world's luxury, should revel in the pleasures and comforts, small and great, that gold can buy. If the demon anger had not burst his bonds one day, the hasty words would have remained unspoken, and we should still possess that which cannot be regained—a friendship lost. If we had but waited one little day, ere penning the letter whose every word was bitterness—the letter which reached its destination but too safely, bearing on its white wings wounds sharper than steel can give—what wild self-reproaches and what bitter tears of regret would have been saved us! We are tired of this old home, beneath the shadow of whose roof-tree we have dwelt for so many years. If we could only go out into the great, busy, bustling world, see what others have seen, and do what others have done! If we might only hope to win name and fame! There are mountains, we know, so lofty and magnificent that these puny hills stretching around us would sink into mere footholds beside them. If we could but journey towards them now, after patient toiling reach them, rest in shadow of their base awhile, and afterwards ascend until we gained the dazzling summit!

If there were only more of sun, and less of cloud, on our pathway! It is too sultry. If it would only rain! It is too cold. If the sun would shine brighter! If we could only be content with what we have and are!

If flowers bloomed, and mother earth wore her robe of green all the year round—if we could always be in good temper—if people never criticized or found fault with other people—if no sharp words were uttered—if friends never turned to foes—if we were all as good and kind and loving as it lies in our power to be—what a sunny paradise we might make of our world!

SELF IMPROVEMENT.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way:
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

How many there are among us who waste their entire lives! How many who from the promptings of an inordinate self-love, are continually endeavoring, by every little artifice, to excite the admiration of their fellow creatures by some personal grace or accidental beauty! Such persons are happy only when paying their homage at the shrine of fashion. Dressing, shopping, visiting and entertaining their friends, leave no time for the improvement of their minds, or the cultivation of anything that is good. Such

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize their flower, their bloom is shed:
Or like the snowflake to the river,
A moment white then gone forever."

They know not, that to fulfil our destiny we must act. By the sweat of the brow thou shalt earn thy bread, is a commandment stamped upon man's nature by a hand Divine. Whether for material or spiritual good, we must labor, without which we can accomplish nothing. We were not placed upon this earth merely to gather flowers on the banks of the stream of Time, nor yet to mourn because it sways restlessly to and fro. This is not our

——"destined end or way,"

but constant action, and so to act

——"that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

Further advanced in moral and intellectual improvement, and in faithfulness in the discharge of all our duties, and in cultivating, to the extent of our abilities, the talents Heaven has bestowed upon us all.

BAD HABITS.

As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down mountains, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

Decision.—A woman of irresolute constitution gives herself a treat of the rack every time she is called to make up her mind respecting some pretty domestic arrangement. The poorest arguments will make their way, when delivered with firmness and decision. Indecision arises from two very opposite causes—seeing our way too far, or not far enough.

SONG.

BY H. F. HENDERSON.

Ah, let them mock at Love who may—
It recks not me;
Fast am I bound beneath its sway,
Nor would be free.
The road of Life has many a stone
To bruise the feet—
But should I, if I trod alone,
With fewer meet?

Ah, let them mock at Love who may;
'Tis only those
Whose flowery path was stopt midway
With bitter close.
Yet let us not too sternly blame
The mocking few—
If our bright idol fell the same,
What should we do?

Ah, let them mock at Love who may,
And call it vain,
And sneer sure and swift decay
And bitter pain;
Its presence has the power to cheer
O'er all beside,
And Memory makes it ever dear,
Whate'er betide.

Ah, let them mock at Love who may—
It has the power
To ope our heart-buds, and display
A lovely flower.
Foul wrong may taint its lily cheek
With bruised stain,
Yet would it not for shelter seek
Its bed again.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER TWO.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

The faltering fingers of the sunset are burnishing the cross of the cathedral opposite, and the snow upon the roofs glistens and flashes in a way that reminds me of Sir Belvidere, and how "both his eyes were dazzled as he stood" watching the moonlight on the brand Excalibur, whose haft "twinkled with myriads of topaz lights and jacinth work of subtlest jewelry."

That was at "the passing" of King Arthur—this is at the going down of the sun, who seems to say "good night" to the great city in whose heart I sit looking out upon the passers by—the poor and the rich, the toiler and the taker, the mournful and the merry, from the feeble old man, whose feet will go down ere long to the eternal quiet, to the young child, coasting along the edges of the walks, and laughing with his nurse, who, in white cap and apron, seems minding only him.

I wonder what sort of homes they are going to—the lone old man, and the shop-girl just beside him? Her step is slow, like his, and seems to be as weary, though her years have been so few. She lifts her face to the window where I sit, and I see that it is very fair and very sad. Her eyes, large and dark, are swimming in tears, and her lips are all a-tremble.

Perhaps her occupation has gone with the week just going—and in every avenue of labor are scores of suppliers to every one of demand. Perhaps others are dependent upon her for the roof over their heads, for the fire that keeps them warm, and the food that keeps them alive; and what shall she do if work cannot be had?

There are hundreds of such girls in this and every large city, timid, trembling things, wanting—aye, begging—to live, honest, good lives, or for the labor that will let them—yet begging, too often in vain, while hundreds of men, made strong to fight life's battles, are shaking perfumed locks over counters where laces and ribbons are sold, playing at work, and at night-time (too many of them) tempting the poor pale ones, whose rightful places they have filled by day—tempting with money, which, to them, means bread and life for the starving ones at home.

Yesterday we found ourselves—Nell and I—among the wretched poor at St. John's Guild, and watching the master, whose name should be immortalized, going in and out, laden with blessings for them all—blessing such as bodies can live on; and little Nell put my thoughts into words, and set them to the music of her low, sweet voice, when she whispered:

"This is a great deal better than praying for them; isn't it?"

And my heart made answer:

"I guess God thinks so."

"A very interesting case came to light this morning," Mr. Wiswall said; "that of a Southern lady, a widow with four children, in a basement without a fire; no sheets for her one bed, and scarcely any covering; no food; no work; and the rats so thick and bold, that they crawl over the children like flies in summer."

"Oh!" sighed little Nell.

"I am expecting her in every moment," the master concluded. "I hope she will bring her little girl—as beautiful a child as I have ever seen."

And, even as he spoke, the mother and child entered.

I can see that child's face now; I think I shall see it always. An oval, pale face, with dimples in cheeks and chin; small, winsome mouth, where smiles that were almost laughter kept chasing each other like sunbeams; large, talking eyes—eyes like woodland violets—and shy, yet trustful ways, that crept into and won one's heart unconsciously.

She did not seem to mind the cold, though her scant covering revealed glimpses of her shoulders, waist, and limbs.

I lifted her to my knee, and took her two wee hands in mine. They seemed like skeleton hands, with soft white skin drawn over them. I felt cold shivers from crown to feet, as if I were holding the hands of a corpse.

At once the sweat broke over my brow, and I bent and kissed the wee face, as if it had been that of my own darling whom I cannot find to kiss.

An elegant gentleman, who had been a silent looker-on, stepped to the master's side, speaking so low I couldn't hear. But when I saw him slip a greenback into the master's hand, I knew that the widow and her orphans would have a comfortable home, with food and fire for a month at least, and my lips involuntarily said:

"It is bread upon the waters!"

"If it's not too late, and you're not too tired," the master said after a while, "I'd like you to go to a poor woman in Christy street—a perfect lady, and only a year ago in a happy home of her own. Now—well, in that terrible storm of last week, Monday, she walked the streets with her baby, the whole day long, with no friend to go to, no shelter, no food, no anything."

"And the Guild saved her?"

He smiled sadly.

"We did what we could; but there are so many—so many."

We found her at last—Mrs. Margaret Dond—rocking her baby in her arms, and singing to him softly, as mothers will, who are mothers true and tender. She was in a wretched street, and in a wretched apartment—but the Guild had done its best. She was intelligent, refined, grateful—and this is her story, robbed of all its tears.

She was twenty years old, born, raised and married in Connecticut. Three years ago she and her husband came to New York, bringing church letters to one of the leading denominations, and becoming at once identified with it. Her husband is, by trade, a printer. For two years everything went happily. Then came loss of business and of health. A little child sickened and died. Later on both parents were in the hospital, from which she was discharged, with her young babe, the morning of that dreadful day, without home, friends or money. He is dying of consumption, and the church, of which both are members, commended them to the mercy of the Guild—a cheaper thing to do than its own great Christian duty!

* * * * *

You are so happy in your homes to-night! You are so glad the week of toil is over, and that to-morrow is the day of rest. The lamps are lighted where you are. The table is covered with books and papers, and drawn close up to the fire, that shines cheerily out into the pretty home-like room.

I shall not disturb you if I enter. I will be very, very quiet. I lay my fingers on the mother's brow, smoothing its furrows softly. Perhaps she feels the touch. Her eyes are lifted and she smiles up into my face, as she measures off a needlefull of thread and takes her sewing from the basket at her side.

"Ah! but you children make lots of work for mamma!" I hear her say, as she turns towards the little ones who are at play with dolly in the corner.

"But," I answer, "'The vine that bears such fruit is proud to stoop with it."

How I wonder if she hears! How I wonder if, in the week now ending, she has been as patient always as she wishes she had been. If she is as thankful to-night for her roof-tree and her altar-hearth as she would be if she were holding in her heart memories of homeless, wretched ones—as I am!

Her life is not just what she thought once it would be. It is not so smooth and sweet and sunny. Little things come in to disappoint and vex her, and she never thought of the little things in all her girlhood's dreaming.

He is so different, too, to her youth's ideal. He loves her, she thinks, but he has not told her so for a long, long time, and his kisses are all for the children, since the children came. She would not rob them, but——

Now she sighs softly, glancing up over her sewing at the bearded face over the paper, and thinking how good he is to read aloud when he is so very, very tired.

She finds little time for reading, and but for him would know not much of the world's great onward march. She lays aside her sewing, creeps up behind him softly, and touches her lips to his early silvering hair.

"Why, Katie!" he says, in a surprised tone; but lifting his rough hand and stroking her cheeks tenderly.

She makes no answer. Once again she kisses his hair, then goes to the window as if to look out, but only to wipe her tears away.

They are happy, happy tears!

"He loves me after all," she whispers in her heart; "and I'll be a good, true wife to him in weal or in woe!"

I have followed her to the window.

Again my fingers are on her forehead, and, for love of all women who are striving to know and do the right, who, whether in high places or in low, mean honestly to be, in all things, worthy their own esteem—though the world may know not of them. I kiss the throbbing temples and the lifted lids, praying "The angels keep her!"

She does not hear nor see me; and the night walks o'er the world, wrapping us closer and closer in its raiments of purple silence, and bearing, let us trust, the balm of blessed sleep to those for whom the week just past held little that was balmful.

HELPING OTHERS.

It seems a strange thing, but it is nevertheless true, that sharing another's burden will lighten our own. If you begin doing little things for your neighbor, it will very soon be easy for you to perform great deeds in his behalf. No man is sufficient unto himself. Trust in providence is nothing but higher belief in humanity. You may feel very much depressed some day, discouraged and well-nigh despairing, when some kind friend happens in—God sent—and you are soothed, cheered and encouraged; the veil is lifted, and you are happy once more. Many are able to give substantial help to those who are in need; money, to tide over some financial trouble; food, to keep a family from starving; gifts, that nourish the heart with assurances of love—something that may be a trifle in itself, but helps make up the sum of human happiness. But perhaps you cannot do this; you have a large family and limited income, or are otherwise prevented from making the hand the almoner of the heart. Well, then, draw on the spiritual treasury. Give kind words to those who need them; comfort those who are bowed down; speak lovingly to little children, and encouragingly to those who faint for this support. Stand ready to help everybody.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

Almost every one has at least one lock of hair cut from the head of one now dwelling in that silent land whence come no messages, no letters, no tokens of any kind to tell of love or of remembrance. Every one knows that strange emotion, half joy, half woe, with which the tiny relic of so much that was once dear can thrill the soul. Only now and then do we dare to take it from its hiding place, hold it in the palm, press it to the cheek, and use it as a talisman to recall all that we must perforce forget in the work-a-day world for the sake of strength to do its battle.

We do not know whose hair that which your treasure may be; whether the flossy curl from a baby's head, the dark lock from the brow that once made your breast its pillow, a parent's gray tress, or a young lover's sunny curl. Nor does it matter, for all love in its essence, in that part of it that outlives death, is alike and equally pure, but we know that there is nothing like it to you anywhere. There are no words for the thoughts it brings. They mock language. As you touch it, and gaze at it, you have nothing to say. You feel the thorns of your dead rose, that is all, and the wounds they make bleed.

A BOYISH RAMBLE.

BY REV. WM. BADGER, D. D.

It has been sagely observed that there is nothing like a boy except a girl. "Paradoxical though it may seem," as the old deacon said in his prayer, "it is nevertheless true," that there is nothing less like a girl than a boy. Scarce has he arrived in a household, ere he asserts his supremacy by an obstreperousness which girl babies never indulge in. The popularity of a new poem about him lies mainly in the profound truth of its estimate, that as a "mixture of perplexity and joy," it takes a dozen daughters to counterpoise "that boy."

He is a science in himself. Among future "ologies," the enumeration of "boiology"—the word coins itself, and has quite a genteel Greek appearance besides—can be only a question of time. An average mind turns giddy in contemplating the hydraulics, pneumatics, mechanics and pyronomics of the little man's every-day experience. Some later Bacon may hereafter explain on what occult principles of action Bub and Sonny descend all stairs like an avalanche; contrive to slam all doors in opening them; never by an accident shut them; instinctly assume in conversation that every one present is deaf; display an invincible predilection for slang; unerringly select the exact rail in an entire fence that will tear their trousers, or the only branch of a whole cherry tree which will snap if they hang by it; are inexhaustible in resources for getting their feet wet; defy human foresight in the concoction of scrapes for themselves, and dismay for their proprietors; are visited from their earliest schooldays with unreasonable tutors and impossible tasks; and, in short, are such incarnate first causes of the fidgets that ofttimes nothing could be worse than their presence save only their—absence.

She was a pale, pretty little lady, fragile as a lily, gentle as an elephant, and it was with an expression in her tired eyes, which Ida Waugh's pencil or John Sartain's brain should have transcribed for the next few centuries to look at that she exclaimed: "What one don't think of, the other does." But, bless you, she enjoyed it as much as they did.

In common fairness, however, be it said, that trial as he often is, the American boy, although spared the horrors of fagging, has his own troubles, and is frequently imposed upon. Hazing belongs not to our subject, for it happens, or, in bygone dark ages, used to happen, only to men (of fifteen and upwards) in college, or to officers (of the rank of midshipmen) in the national service. But apart from these crosses, the American boy, in common with other boys, is exposed to an ordeal of domestic, possibly, of retributive, aggravations. So voluminous, for example, is his own record, that all rents, spills, breakages and damages are entered to his discredit by an intuition that runs in the family.

For him the noble rule of the law is reversed daily, and he is presumed to be guilty, till, with a loud voice and red countenance, he can prove himself immaculate. In his capacity of younger brother, he is constantly and cordially invited out of the parlor by his grown sisters, when their admirers appear; seldom, under any circumstances, is he allowed to retain an easy chair, or helped to tit-bits (for which he has a secret passion), or spared an errand in the rain. As for his convictions, which he always expresses with a noble candor, and usually at meals they are mere jack-o'-lanterns to him and lead to his being remorselessly snubbed. Never shall we forget how one young gentleman, who had just given his father some excellent advice, collapsed, on hearing from an uncle, the mysterious warning, "L. B. S. B. S. N. H." Our own blood ran cold as at the horn in Ernani, the stone footsteps in Don Giovanni, or S. T. 1860. X. on a dead wall. We took early occasion to get the chill taken off by demanding the answer to the ghastly conundrum; but it was too late. "Little boys should be seen, not heard," refused to be anything but an awful extract from the alphabet, and we passed a night of horrors.

If woman doubts, or man forgets, how much boys undergo, we answer: Look at Shelly's schooldays. Look at little De Balzac, called in from the garden where he was gazing at his favorite star, and punished because his sisters had left the hydrant flowing. Look at Ike Partington; at the Danbury boy that lives next door; at Melon's failures to impose upon the gentleman afterwards beguiled by a Chinese idolater; at David Copperfield, and even at the Fat Boy, whose luxurious lot did not save him from being suspected by his mistress, collared by his master, proclaimed insane and unsafe even by kind Mr. Pickwick, ignominiously kicked by Mr. Weller, all at the time he was doing his best in behalf, either of those who thus maltreated him, or of some one belonging, or about to belong, to them. Look on such pictures, and then echo our anxious inquiry: When, oh, when, will the amateur press of America dare to vindicate Boys' Rights?

On such and other accounts we have always failed to sympathize with the poetic longing, "I would I were a boy again!" The bard may perhaps have been cultivating the acquaintance of Rollo, Jonas, and their comrades, and have wished himself a boy that the Dumas of children, Jacob Abbott, might immortalize him; otherwise the wish was illogical. George Arnold used to aspire to be an old lady, but even he did not wish that he could be a boy again, though all young literary America wished it beside his early grave. One of his compeers, indeed, had gone so far as to admit that, "if one must be a boy again, the best kind to be was a country boy in summer." But the very people who would vote down an eternal summer are the boys, for then, what would become of your coasting, your snow-balling, your snow men? Why, your sled and skates could be of less use to you than your slate and school books, which are no good at all, except (as your teachers and engaged sister know) to keep a fellow out of what it is most fun to be in—mischief. But in that, as in other prerogatives, boyhood may rest, fearless of all disturbance from its seniors, though the world were to be remodeled according to the works of Hans Andersen. The return to boyhood from manhood were incongruous as well as impossible. Where could Agassiz have gone to school? What teacher would have corrected Charles Dickens' compositions?

Seriously and gently has the poet set the ballad singer right. If "there's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away," it is never willingly allowed to take away some things that it has given. "The man would be a boy again, and be a father, too," settles the question. There can be no looking back, and the thought is a solemn one, when seeing in the light-hearted boy of to-day a possible president or a possible pauper, we think of the further possibilities towards which this cloudy car, the world, is bearing him at the breathless speed of eleven hundred miles a minute.

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

AERIAL INHABITANTS.

Most people have little idea of what the air we breathe contains. This ocean of mixed oxygen and nitrogen at the bottom of which we mortals flounder about contains more than is dreamed of in their philosophy. The old spelling book exercises, "Birds live in the air"—"Fish live in the sea," would be the substance of their replies, if questioned as to the living things which inhabit air and ocean. But the air is the home of immense numbers of living things which the unaided eye cannot perceive, as well as the feathered and insect races. This vital fluid, without which we cannot ordinarily live five minutes, is literally crowded with life; life in an embryotic state, it is true, but none the less life on that account.

An egg is a living thing; if you touch your tongue to the ends of a newly laid egg, you will find that one end is quite warm, while the other may be quite cold. So long as that heat remains the egg is alive—an organized being—capable under favorable circumstances of development into a bird of the species which deposited it. When that vital spark of heat is gone the egg is dead and will immediately decay. The seeds of plants are analogous to the eggs of birds, although after they are dead and incapable of germination, they will not decay so rapidly.

There is another class of germs of a still lower order than vegetable seeds. These are minute granules, parts of flowerless plants, which perform the functions of seeds, called spores. A good example of spores is to be found upon the under sides of the fronds of ferns, at the proper season. Spores are not so highly organized as the seeds of flowering plants, but they contain a vitality which, although of a lower type, is longer retained. In fact, it is not improbable that some of them retain their power of germination for ages, only waiting for favorable circumstances to become developed into complete growth. The air has been ascribed to be full of such germs, which, blown about by winds, lodged in crevices of stones in high buildings, taken into the stomachs of animals with their food or inhaled with their breath, beaten to the earth with rains to rise again in the form of impalpable dust, at length find a proper nidus in which they speedily develop into maturity.

Some of these when breathed or otherwise taken into the system pass into the blood and produce disease. A large class of diseases are now attributed to this cause. Among them is the "Fever and Ague," the pestilence of new and low lands. This disease has lately been attributed by good authority to the presence of microscopic algera in the blood. So plentiful are these germs existing in innumerable forms and variety in the atmosphere, that it has been found that there was a quarter of a million spores in a single drop of distilled water which had been agitated in contact with the common air in a bottle. What myriads of these tiny beings must be precipitated upon the earth during a storm of rain.

The microscope, that "wonderful eye which science has bestowed upon mankind," reveals to us these curious facts; and what its ultimate effect upon the sciences at large, and medicine in particular, is to be, it is impossible to predict. The telescope is penetrating deeper and deeper into the celestial vault, and constantly telling us new wonders of the starry universe. The microscope on the contrary is dragging to light minute existences that have lain hidden for ages, and is tracing their influences upon the health of mankind. The army of workers, with this most fascinating and instructive instrument, is daily increasing, and a flood of light is beginning to pour upon many things hitherto most mysterious.

INHERITED LONGEVITY.

Every one has noticed that nearly all the members of some families die aged, while those of others are gone before what would be called the middle age of the former. It is a common and correct remark that "some are as old at forty as others are at sixty;" the latter will, in fact, be more likely to live twenty years than the former. The years a person has lived is by no means the most important element for judging how many he may probably live, nor is present health of much more consequence, since it is often the case that families are very vigorous and healthy while they live, yet are not long lived. They inherit healthy but short lives. Notice the Laplanders. Observe the citizens of Zurich, Switzerland, very healthy, but seldom reaching the age of sixty; while members of one Italian family living in their midst since the sixteenth century reach the age of eighty or ninety. The Welsh are the longest-lived people in Europe. The Scotch are longer-lived than the English, and the Irish shorter-lived, yet they are all healthy as a people. On the other hand, some who do not have robust health are noted to live long. It is said that they attain old age because they take such excellent care of themselves. Yet, though it is not denied that the care is useful, it will be usually found that they had at least one probably long-lived parent, and thus inherited longevity from one side if not from both; for, though it is often the case that those die young who have long-lived ancestry, it is very seldom that any person lives to be more than a year or two older than any of his ancestors—parents, grandparents, etc.

The Value of Failure.—It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some talent charm derived from truth.

Friendship closes its eyes, rather than see the moon eclipsed; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.

LEGEND OF THE IRON MASK.

During the seventeen years' confinement of this strange prisoner at Sainte Marguerite, St. Mars, who brought him to the fortress, was replaced by a Monsieur de Bonpart, as governor. The daughter of the latter, just emerging from childhood to womanhood, grew up with this mystery around her. She had seen the graceful figure of the masked prisoner promenading at night upon the terrace and at worship in the chapel, where he was forbidden to speak, or uncover his face, the soldiers in attendance having their pieces always pointed towards him if he should do either.

She discovered that her father always treated him with the greatest respect, serving him bareheaded and standing. His table service was of massive silver, his dress of the richest velvet; he wore the finest linen and the most costly lace. She had heard her father accidentally speak of him as "the Prince." No wonder that his sad fate occupied her thoughts by day, and his noble figure haunted her dreams by night. She, too, was very young and beautiful, and their eyes occasionally met in chapel. He sang beautifully, and was a very skillful performer on the guitar. It is said she climbed the rocks under the castle terrace, and sang sweet songs to the poor captive. Thus a romantic love sprang up between them, and as it gained strength, the young girl dared to purloin the keys from her father, and so obtained access to the prisoner.

When the governor discovered his child's treachery, he was struck with the greatest dismay. His oath was binding upon him to put immediately to death any one who had spoken to the prisoner. But she confessed her love for him, and pleaded piteously for her young life. The captive also, to whom the governor was much attached, joined his prayers to hers, and implored that they might be made man and wife, and then the secret would be safe. The governor was not stern enough to immolate his child, and perhaps a gleam of ambition may have flashed across his mind, as, in the event of the death of Louis XIV, the prisoner would be acknowledged, and his daughter sit on the throne of France. However, their nuptials were performed by the priest of the castle in the dead of night, and all were sworn to secrecy. From this union two children were born.

A whisper of this reaching the ears of the Minister, the Marquis of Louvois, the prisoner was immediately removed to the Bastile for safe keeping, and the mother, the priest and governor disappeared. The children were sent to Corsica, to be brought up in obscurity under the name of their grandfather, Bonpart, which was corrupted into Buonaparte. And thus, says the legend, Providence avenged the wrongs of the twin brother of Louis XIV, and restored the oldest branch of the Bourbon line to the throne of France.

A DINNER FOR THE POOR.

William Fox of Nottingham, England, was one of the true old school of Friends. His sympathy for the poor was excited by serving in the office of overseer, and seeing how poor some were who had to pay the poor-rates, he resolved to economize the parish funds, and thus prevent their miseries as much as possible. It was the custom then in many of the parishes for the overseer and committee who attend the weekly payment of the paupers, to have a good dinner at the close of the day's labour, and this was paid for out of the poor-rates; but as it was a manifest abuse, he determined to put an end to the practice. He therefore hastened away before the close of the weekly payment, to the dining room, and thus addressed the master of the workhouse:—"Is the dinner ready?"

"Yes sir."

"Then bring it in."

"Are the gentlemen ready, sir?"

"Never mind the gentleman. I say bring it in." And this was done.

"Now call all the poor people, sir—now call all the poor people. Dost thou not hear what I say, sir?"

"This dinner is for the gentlemen."

"For the gentlemen? Oh, who pays for it, then—do the gentlemen?"

The workhouse master, staring most amazingly, said, "Why, no, sir, I reckon not; it is paid for out of the poor-rates."

"Out of the poor-rates! To be sure it is; thou art right. Poor rates, eh! I think we have no gentlemen's rates; so fetch in the poor at once, and work quick."

The workhouse master went, and William Fox went too, to see that he did as he was ordered, and not give the alarm to the gentlemen; and in a few seconds were hurried in a host of hungry paupers who had not for years set eyes on such a feast as that. They did not wait for a second invitation to place themselves at the table, and William Fox bade them help themselves, and at once there was a scene of activity that for the time it lasted justified the name of the house.

It was a workhouse, indeed. William Fox all the time stood cutting and carving and sending good pieces of pudding and meat to such as could not get seats; in a few moments there was a thorough clearance of the table. Scarcely had William Fox dismissed his delighted company when another company presented themselves, and these were the gentlemen, who stood in amazement.

"Why," exclaimed they, "what is this—why is the table in this state? Where is the dinner?"

"I found a very good dinner ready, and as I know that none but the poor have a right to dine out of the parish funds, I have served it out to the poor accordingly; but if any one of you is in want of a dinner, he may come home with me, and I will give him one."

The gentlemen knew well the character they had to deal with, and never attempted to renew the practice of dining at the public charge during William Fox's year of office.

A man's mind may be compared to a book, of which the body is the binding; sometimes in calf, but gilt; sometimes in plain boards. Of this volume, the title-page is the face; the epistle dedicatory, the profession; the table of contents, the characteristics and principles; the correct passages, are the virtues; the errata and corrigenda, the faults; it is much to be regretted that, owing to the bad impression, these last occupy the larger portion. So much depends upon the "getting up" ("the education") for the final success of the work; that we often see productions of first-rate talent spoiled by inferior finish; and others not worth reading, universally admired for the excellence of the paper and the beauty of the type.

FRITZ AND HIS FRIENDS.

A Fairy Tale For Our Young Readers.

Honest Fritz had worked hard all his life, but ill luck befel him; his cattle died, his barns were burned, and he lost almost all his money. So at last he said, "Before it is all gone I will buy goods, and go out into the world, and see whether I shall have the luck to mend my fortune."

The first place he came to was a village where the boys were running about, crying and shouting.

"What is the matter?" asked he.

"See, here!" said they; "we have got a mouse that we make dance to please us. Do look at him; what a droll sight it is! how he jumps about!"

But the man pitied the poor little thing, and said, "Let the poor mouse go, and I will give you money."

So he gave them some money and took the mouse, and let it run; and it soon jumped into a hole that was close by, and was out of their reach.

Then he traveled on and came to another village; and there the boys had got an ass, that they made stand on his hind legs, and tumble and cut capers. Then they laughed and shouted, and gave the poor beast no rest. So the good man gave them too some of his money to let the poor thing go away in peace.

And the next village he came to the young people were leading a bear that had been taught to dance, and were plaguing the poor thing sadly. Then he gave them too some money, to let the beast go; and Master Bruin was very glad to get on his four feet, and seemed quite at his ease and happy again.

But now our traveler found that he had give away all the money he had in the world, and had not a shilling in his pocket. Then said he to himself, "The King has heaps of gold in his strong box that he never uses; I cannot die of hunger; so I hope I shall be forgiven if I borrow a little from him, and when I get rich again I will repay it all."

So he managed to get at the King's strong box, and took a very little money; but as he came out the guards saw him, and said he was a thief, and took him to the judge. The poor man told his story; but the judge said that sort of a borrowing could not be suffered, and that those who took other people's money must be punished; so the end of his trial was that Fritz was found guilty, and doomed to be floated on the lake, shut up in a box. The lid of the box was full of holes to let in air; and one jug of water and one loaf of bread were given him.

While he was swimming along the water very sorrowfully, he heard something nibbling and biting round the lock. All on a sudden it fell off, the lid flew open, and there stood his old friend the little mouse, who had done him this good turn. Then came the ass and the bear too, and pulled the box ashore; and all helped him because he had been kind to them.

But now they did not know what to do next, and began to lay their heads together, when on a sudden a wave threw on the shore a pretty white stone, that looked like an egg.

Then the bear said, "That's a lucky thing; this is the wonderful stone; whoever has it needs only to wish, and everything he wishes for comes to him at once."

So Fritz went and picked up the stone, and wished for a palace and a garden, and a stud of horses; and his wish was fulfilled as soon as he had made it. And there he lived in his castle and garden, with fine stables and horses; and all was grand and beautiful, that he never could wonder and gaze at it enough.

After some time, three merchants passed by that way. "See," said they, "what a princely palace! The last time we were here it was nothing but a desert waste."

They were very eager to know how all this had happened, and went in and asked the master of the place how it had been so quickly raised.

"I have done nothing myself," said he; "it is the wonderful stone that did all."

"What a strange stone that must be!" said they.

Then he desired them to walk in, and showed it to them. They asked him whether he would sell it, and offered him all their goods for it; and the goods seemed so fine and costly, that he quite forgot that the stone would bring him, in a moment, a thousand better and richer things; and he agreed to make the bargain. Scarcely was the stone, however, out of his hand, before all his riches were gone, and poor Fritz found himself sitting in his box in the water, with his jug of water and loaf of bread by his side.

However, his grateful friends, the mouse, the ass, and the bear, came quickly to help him; but the mouse found she could not nibble off the lock this time, for it was a great deal stronger than before. Then the bear said, "We must find the wonderful stone again, or all we can do will be fruitless."

The merchants, meantime, had taken up their abode in the palace; so away went the three friends, and when they came near, the bear said, "Mouse, go in and look through the keyhole, and see where the stone is kept: you are small—nobody will see you."

The mouse did as she was told, but soon came back and said, "Bad news! I have looked in, and the stone hangs under the looking-glass, by a red silk string, and on each side of it sits a great black cat, with fiery eyes, watching it."

Then the others took counsel together, and said, "Go back again, and wait till the master of the palace is in bed asleep; then nip his nose and pull his hair."

Away went the mouse, and did as they told her; and the master jumped up very angrily, and rubbed his nose, and cried, "Those rascally cats are good for nothing at all; they let the mice bite my very nose, and pull the hair off my head." Then he hunted them out of the room; and so the mouse had the best of the game.

Next night as soon as the master was asleep, the mouse crept in again; and (the cat being gone) she nibbled at the red silken string to which the stone hung, till down it dropped. Then she rolled it along the door; but when it got there, the poor little mouse was quite tired, and said to the ass, "Put in your foot, and lift it over the threshold."

This was soon done, and they took up the stone, and set off for the waterside.

Then the ass said, "How shall we reach the box?"

"That is easily managed, my friend," said the bear; "I can swim very well; and do you, donkey, put your fore-feet over my shoulders; mind and hold fast, and take the stone in your mouth;—and as for you, mouse, you can sit in my ear."

Thus all was settled, and away they swam. After a time, Bruin began to brag and boast: "We are brave fellows, are not we?" said he; "what do you think, donkey?" But the ass held his tongue, and said not a word. "Why don't you answer me?" said the bear; "you must be an ill-mannered brute, not to speak when you are spoken to."

When the ass heard this, he could hold no longer; so he opened his mouth, and out dropped the wonderful stone. "I could not speak," said he; "did not you know I had the stone in my mouth? Now it is lost, and that is your fault."

"Do you hold your tongue and be easy," said the bear; "and let us think what is to be done now."

Then another council was held, and at last they called together all the frogs, their wives and families, kindred and friends; and said, "A great foe of yours is coming to eat you all up; but never mind, bring us up plenty of stones, and we will build a strong wall to guard you."

The frogs hearing this, were dreadfully frightened, and set to work, bringing up all the stones they could find. At last came a large fat frog, pulling along the wonderful stone by the silken string; and when the bear saw it, he jumped for joy, and said, "Now we have found what we wanted." So he set the old frog free from his load, and told him to tell his friends they might now go home to their dinners as soon as they pleased.

Then the three friends swam off again for the box, and the lid flew open, and they found they were but just in time, for the bread was all eaten, and the jug of water almost empty. But as soon as honest Fritz had the stone in his hand, he wished himself safe in his palace again; and, in a moment, he was there, with his garden, and his stables, and his horses; and his three faithful friends lived with him, and they all spent their time happily and merrily together as long as they lived. And thus the good man's kindness was regarded: and so it ought, for—"One good turn deserves another."

The Magic Box.

The housekeeper's affairs had a long time been becoming very much entangled, and the poor woman knew not how to do to get herself out of her difficulties. After a time, she thought herself of a wise old hermit, who lived in the neighborhood, and to him she repaired for advice. She related to him all her troubles, saying:

"Things go on badly enough; nothing prospers indoors or out; pray, sir, can you not devise some remedy for my misfortune?"

The hermit—a shrewd, rosy old man—begged her to wait; and retiring to an inner chamber of his cell, brought out a curious-looking box, carefully sealed up.

"Take this," said he, "and keep it for one year; but you must, three times a day, and three times at night, carry it into the kitchen, the cellar, and the stable, and set it down in each corner. I answer for it that shortly you will find things improved. But be sure, at the end of the year, to bring back the box."

The good woman received the precious gift with many thanks, and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar, she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pitcher of beer. As she went a little later into the kitchen, there she found a maid making herself a sly supper of omelets. In the stable she discovered the best cow standing deep in the mire, and the horse, uncurried, had hay instead of oats.

So every day she discovered and corrected some new faults.

At the end of the year, she, faithful to her promise, carried the magic box back to the hermit, and besought him to let her keep it, as it had a most wonderful effect.

"Only let me keep it one year longer, and I am sure all will be remedied."

"I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden within it you shall have."

He opened the box; and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper, on which was written this couplet:

"Would you thrive most prosperously,
Yourself must every corner see."

One Brick Upon Another.

A boy watched a large building as the workmen from day to day carried up bricks and mortar.

"My son," said his father, "you seem much interested in the bricklayers. Do you think of learning the trade?"

"No," he replied; "I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what great houses are built by laying one brick upon another."

"Very true, my son; never forget it. So it is in all great works; all your learning is but one lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of a succession of moments. Learn from this not to despise little things. Be not discouraged by great labours. They become easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the large building rose by laying one brick upon another."

A LAZY girl who liked to live in comfort and do nothing, asked her fairy godmother to give her a good genius to do everything for her. On the instant the fairy called ten dwarfs, who dressed and washed the little girl, and combed her hair, and so on. All was done so nicely, that she was happy, except for the thought that they would go away. "To prevent that," said the godmother, "I will place them permanently in your ten pretty little fingers." And they are there yet.

LIFE consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments. The greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption.

SPRING MEMORIES.

Unclose the gate with gentle touch,
And lightly tread the fragrant ground—
The stillness of the wood is such
I fear to break it with a sound.
It seems to me these temples wide
By silence best are sanctified.

Since one who walked these paths with me,
And learned with me their Spring-tide lore
Of swelling bud and waving tree,
Hath passed from earth for evermore,
I cannot see the young leaves wave
And quite forget that wayside grave.

But just as bright the violets blow,
And just as sweetly sing the birds,
As when we wandered long ago,
And felt our joy too deep for words:
Since then as vainly have I sought
To tell the grief the hours have brought.

The bounteous fulness of the Spring
Had thrilled our hearts with gratitude;
And when the south wind's whispering
Flowed through the silence of the wood,
The happy tears stood in our eyes—
Earth seemed so like to Paradise.

But even then man's fatal thirst
For knowledge dimmed that hour of bliss:
His words—"Which of us will be first
To gain a fairer world than this?"
Cold on the happy silence fell
As echoes of a distant knell.

And so it was that, ere the Spring
Had waked again the sleeping flowers,
He had the summons from the King
To know a sweeter Spring than ours,
And, entering on the joys above,
To feel no loss of human love.

Thus I who felt it—I whose feet
Were faint—whose heart was sick with tears—
Who could not pray for strength to meet
The looming burden of the years,
Still to my soul these memories cling,
Now waked by every dawning Spring!

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

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CHAPTER XIII.

A DEN OF INFAMY.

It was with a sinking heart, as we have said, that poor little Ellen heard the door close behind her; while the rattling of bolts and chains, assured her that it was made fast against egress or ingress. But still, though much terrified, she did not faint; and presently she felt her nerves strengthened with a kind of desperation, and a secret influence for which she could not account. Strange as it may seem to those who have not made the human system a study under all the various emotions of hope, joy, grief, fear, terror, and despair, her gentle spirit seemed to rise up from beneath its weight of despondency, and become comparatively light and buoyant, infusing strength and vigor into her weary body and limbs. In a word, she began to feel strong and resolute, at a moment when one might have reasonably expected to see her sinking in dismay beneath the stroke of a new misfortune.

As soon as the door was bolted, John M'Callan removed his hand from the mouth of Ellen, and held a hurried conversation, in a low tone, with the person who had admitted him. Then taking hold of Ellen's hand, he said:

"Come, my dear—let us go upstairs, and find a pleasanter place than this here. Don't be afraid—nobody's going to hurt you."

Saying this, he conducted Ellen up a steep flight of narrow stairs, in the dark, the attendant following close behind. On reaching the top, they made one or two turns through a narrow corridor, when a light from an open door, in which stood three or four figures, peering out, enabled them to see clearly the rest of their way to the apartment of revelry.

"Fall back there!" said John, in an authoritative tone; "and make room for the Queen of Beauty!"

Instantly the figures disappeared; and the next moment little Ellen, with her hand firmly clasped in the hand of John M'Callan, found herself standing in the door of an apartment, which, together with its occupants, we must pause to describe.

The room was large, but with a low ceiling, and was lighted by two very respectable chandeliers, which burned candles instead of gas. The rough walls were gaudily papered, and disfigured with French prints—some in frames and some without—many of which were hardly fit for the modest eye of purity. The floor was without a carpet, but sanded; and around all sides of the apartment, leaving a vacancy in the middle, were arranged settees, chairs, benches and tables. The occupants were about twenty-five in number, of both sexes, ranging from ten to five-and-twenty years of age. Some were standing, some sitting, some lounging, several were smoking, and all had been drinking—for on every table were tumblers, some quite empty, and some partly filled with liquors of various kinds. There was nothing like order or respectability in the assembled company—which, with few exceptions, appeared to be of the lowest and most depraved class. The girls were characterized by a premature oldness of look and boldness of manner, and were flauntingly dressed in a style that showed that excessive modesty was not one of their prominent virtues; while all the youth—some with coats on and some without—had the hardened looks of dissipation and vice—with eyes red and bleared, and faces swollen and weather-beaten. In short, the place was a juvenile hell; and a fiend, in the shape of an old crone, wrinkled and toothless, with one foot already in the grave, presided over the establishment. There had been a dance, interrupted by the knocking of John M'Callan; and a negro, perched upon a stool in one corner, was now thrumming the strings of his violin, and waiting to be called on to strike up his tune anew.

Such was the scene presented to the view of little Ellen, as she found herself standing on the threshold of the apartment; and as she saw so many eyes turned upon her, with a rude, impudent stare, it required all the nerve which had recently been given her, to keep her from sinking down in dismay.

"This here," said John, in a loud tone, as he held little Ellen by the hand, "I calls the Queen of Beauty—and I want you all to pay respect to her."

Most of the company bowed, in a kind of mocking homage, and then gave way to a hearty laugh.

"She's a mighty little queen!" said one.

"But a —— pretty one!" said another.

"Nothing to brag on, though!" put in one of the girls, tossing her head in disdain.

"Go along, Bess—you're jealous."

"Not of her—the minx."

"Where'd she come from?"

"Go it, John!"

"Where'd you pick her up, Mac?"

"Got on silks—whew!"

"I'll put up a quarter agin her, John, and play you a game of old sledge!"

"I'll stand treat for the first dance with her!"

"And I another for the second!"

"Let's drink to her any how!"

"Bravo! here's your health, Miss Queen!"

"Hurrah for the dance!"

"Go it, old Ebony! come! strike up!"

Such were some of the exclamations and remarks, from different parties, that greeted the ear of little Ellen, as John M'Callan led her forward to a seat. Poor child! she saw she was entrapped into a den of infamy; and she mentally called on God for protection and deliverance, and strength to sustain her the while through this painful and disgusting scene of trial.

"She's a beauty, ain't she? and all beauties is welcome to my nice home!" said a tremulous, cracked voice, followed by a fiendish chuckle.

Ellen started at the sound of that voice—it had something so awful, almost unearthly, in its tones; and on turning to the speaker, she was startled at the appearance of the old hag already mentioned, who was the person who had admitted John and herself into the house, and had followed and entered behind them, and now stood near her, stooped and withered, grinning, and blinking her small, dark, bleared eyes, and looking more like one of the witches of the heath, who foretold Macbeth his destiny, than a human being. Ellen felt a thrill of horror run through her slender frame, as she looked upon that toothless crone—such a thrill of horror as one would experience on finding the cold body of a deadly serpent crawling over the naked flesh; and she turned her gaze away, and strove to shut out from the mind's eye the repulsive vision. But it was in vain. The image of the repulsive crone was stamped upon her young and guileless heart, and it remained and haunted her for years.

"Come," said John to Ellen, "there's a-going to be a first-rate dance, and I'll take you for a partner."

"I never dance," replied Ellen, quietly.

"Pshaw! what's the use of your talking that ther' way? Come along!"

"I never dance," answered Ellen, more firmly, drawing back, and secretly shuddering—though she managed to appear calm and collected.

"But I say you *must* dance!" returned John, half angrily, taking hold of her arm, as if to urge her forward.

"I don't know how, sir—I never danced in my life," replied Ellen, holding back.

"Well, git up here, and I'll larn ye then, though I know you're fibbing all the time," said John.

"Oh, please excuse me sir. I'd rather not."

"But I say you *shall!*" cried John, now really angry; "and when I say a thing, it's got to be—mind that!" and again he pulled her by the arm, and this time so roughly, that poor little Ellen, overcome by her feelings, her lonely, friendless, unprotected situation, burst into tears.

"Oh, yes; *cry!*" growled John, "that's always the way with you gals, when us fellers wants you to do something you don't jest want to."

"Oh, look at the poor baby!" exclaimed two or three of the girls who sat near Ellen, and who naturally felt jealous of her, and they closed with a mocking, heartless laugh.

"Shall it have some candy, 'the deary?'" said one.

"Or a bit of sugar candy for its 'little self?'" laughed another.

"Shall it go to its dear mamma?" mocked a third.

At the mention of the sacred name of mother, little Ellen gave vent to a fresh burst of grief, and cried and sobbed as if her poor little heart would break.

"Oh, come," said a tall youth, about the age of John, and who seemed to be less hardened in vice than his associates, or perhaps had the germ of something better in his heart, not all defiled; "come, don't be too hard on her at first."

The words were uttered in a conciliating tone, and in a tone of sympathy; and as they fell on the ear of little Ellen, she looked up through her tears, and saw a kindly expression in the blue eyes of the boy, who was standing in front of her, and gazing steadily at her.

"Henry Crawford, you will please mind your own business, and leave me to attend to mine," said John M'Callan, almost fiercely.

"Not if you make it your business to abuse that there little girl, I won't," returned the other with spirit, his eyes flashing.

"Who's abused her?" cried John.

"Why don't you let her alone then?"

"'Cause I don't choose to."

At this juncture the fiddler struck up, and the dance commenced; but as only a part of the company could occupy the floor at the same time, most of the others began to gather around Ellen and the two excited youths, all anxious to hear and see, for there was a great probability, from present appearances, that the matter would end in a fight. To prevent this, the old hag came shuffling in between young M'Callan and Crawford, and in a whining, cracked voice, said:

"Come, come, young gentlemen—be easy now—be easy—no quarreling; the chick is a nice, good girl—only give her time to get acquainted like."

"Old woman, jest mind your business, and get out of the way, will ye?" cried John, savagely; "and what's better fetch me some brandy."

"That's right, my dear," croaked the crone, "take a little brandy, and never mind what's been said, my dear. I'll get it for ye—Mother Grimsby'll get it for ye, with her own hands, this very minute, my dear;" and the stooped, and withered, and toothless old hag shuffled away in haste, and soon returned with a greenish-looking bottle, which she declared contained the genuine old Cognac.

John seized the bottle and a tumbler that stood on the table by his side, poured out a third of a glass, and gulped it down; and then setting the bottle down hard, he invited all present, who felt friendly to him, to help themselves. Several of both sexes now advanced to the table, and took a drink, uttering the while profane and ribald words; but Henry Crawford and two others stepped back, and held a hurried conversation, in low tones.

"Why don't *you* drink?" said John to Ellen; "ain't you friendly to me?"

"Oh, sir, take me away to my friends," sobbed Ellen; "remember what your mother told you!"

At this there was a loud laugh of derision from all the girls near, some five or six in number, and several of both sexes made comments which we need not repeat.

"I say, young gal," pursued John, in a savage tone, "ain't you going to drink with me?"

"No; I never drink."

"Don't drink or dance?" rejoined he, scowling darkly; "that's a —— likely story! You think you can jest do as *you* like here, may be, but I'll let you know different, afore you're much older; and if anybody wants to take it up, there'll be a fight on hand;" and he looked from under his knitted brows, over to where Crawford was standing. "Nance," he said to one of the girls, "jest put some sugar and water in that ther' glass. There—that'll do. Now here goes in some brandy," he continued, pouring out a small quantity of the vile liquor. "Look you, my crying beauty, you've got to drink this here decent, or I'll pour it down your throat! D'ye hear?"

"Oh, sir, remember what your mother told you," said Ellen, pleadingly.

"She can jest go to thunder, for an old fool!" rejoined John, rising and placing himself in front of Ellen, with the tumbler in his hand. "Come! drink I say!"

At this moment a loud knock was heard at the outer door, and instantly the fiddler ceased playing, the dancers stopped in their places, and a deep silence ensued, broken only at intervals by whispers, or the guarded footsteps of some of the company, stealing to the door of the apartment to listen. John placed his tumbler on the table, and quietly reseated himself, while the old hag hurried away to answer the summons for admittance.

A few minutes of anxious suspense ensued, for it sometimes happened that the police made a descent upon this house of vile resort, and arrested all they could find within, and consequently the parties stood prepared for flight, in case the present applicant or applicants for admission should prove to be the dreaded officers of the law.

At length those on the watch announced the fact that all was right, and immediately after, the hunchback made his appearance at the door, and was greeted with a mixed storm of laughter and invectives, during which the fiddler again struck up, and the dance was resumed.

"Hello, Nob!" called out John, who knew something of the deformed boy's physical strength and desperate fighting qualities, and was, therefore, anxious to secure him on his side, in case there should be a fracas; for John, like most other bullies of his stamp, was at heart a paltry coward, and could only be courageous when supported by numbers against a few. "Hello, Nob, this way, and take a drink. Here's some of old Grimsby's best."

"Thank you, Mr. M'Callan," returned the hunchback, approaching with a smile and a bow; "I never refuse a good offer. I hold liquor to be the life and soul of man—victuals, drink, lodging and washing included."

He took up the bottle as he spoke, and held it up to the light, as if to see if the liquor were clear, but in reality to see how much there was of it, and then poured out a tumbler half full.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, with affected politeness, looking round upon the laughing spectators, and nodding to each, "here's my——"

He stopped suddenly, with an expression of surprise, and slowly set down the glass, with its contents untasted. His eye, in going round the circle, had encountered the tearful eyes of little Ellen fixed earnestly and imploringly upon him.

"Why, how is this?" he said. "How came my little lady here?"

At this the bystanders laughed, thinking he spoke in derision, merely to make a joke; but John, who sat facing him, fancied he saw something in his eye that implied serious earnest.

"*Your* little lady?" John repeated. "What d'ye mean by that ther', Nob?"

"Oh! take me away from here!" cried Ellen, appealing to the deformed boy, for she, too, saw that in his eye which led her to hope he would stand her friend. "Take me away from here, I beg of you. You promised to see me to a nice street, and you didn't do it."

"That was because you ran away, and I couldn't find you," returned the hunchback; while the different parties began to crowd around, and become more deeply interested in the curious turn that matters were taking.

Half-a-dozen speakers now asked half-a-dozen different questions in the same breath; but the hunchback kept his dark eyes fixed upon Ellen, and paid no attention to any of the others.

"I ran away from where you left me," said little Ellen, eagerly, "because I thought I saw a man that I was afraid of; and I ran into John M'Callan's mother's; and she promised that he should take me to my friends; and he brought me here, and forced me into this house. Oh! do—do, now—take me away from here, and let me go back to my friends, and God will reward you for it!"

"I will!" said the deformed boy, resolutely, the tearful appeal of the friendless little orphan touching his heart, which, though enclosed in a rough, ungainly casement, unlike many others of fair exterior, ever beat sympathetically for the wronged and oppressed—at least when his brain was clear of the fumes of the poison which was his favorite beverage. "I will take you to your friends, if you've got any, and then I'll get jolly on the strength of one good act, if I never do another. I promised to see you to a nice street, my little lady, and drunken Nob Hunchy always keeps his word when he's sober."

"'Spect you'll ask my leave, afore you do that ther', Mr. Nob?" said John, sullenly. "Mighty pretty airs you're putting on, 'pon my word! to come here and 'spect to take away a gal that I've fetched here, without asking my consent, or the consent of them that's here and paid their reckoning;" and he looked around to see what effect his words would produce upon the different parties, so as to be able to judge how many were likely to stand by him, in the event of his making a forcible resistance to the design of the hunchback. He appeared to receive the encouragement he expected, for he immediately added, in a bolder tone, with a bullying air, "If she gits out of this here house to-night, Mr. Nob, there'll be a fight first, I can tell you. Ain't I in the right, Mother Grimsby?" he concluded, appealing to the mistress of the establishment, who had drawn near during the conversation.

"I don't want ye to fight—I don't want ye to fight," replied the crone, shaking her head. "And I don't want the pretty, sweet little beauty to go away from me, who'll be a mother to her," she added, looking at little Ellen with what she intended should be a winning smile, but which her old, wrinkled face converted into a hideous grin.

"Well, she ain't a-going to go away!" rejoined John, looking fiercely at the hunchback, whose black eyes began to gleam with that fiery, sullen light which should always be noted as a warning that the possessor is resolved to conquer or die.

"See here, Nob," said the old hag, turning to him; "if I'd a known you was coming in here to raise a fracas, you'd have staid outside."

"And if I had," answered the deformed boy, quietly, "before this time to-morrow night the beaks would have been down on your infernal den."

"Hear him! hear him!" croaked the old she-fiend, turning pale with anger and fear.

"Yes, and hear this, too," pursued the hunchback. "If this little girl is not allowed to depart with me quietly, I'll break up this hell of yours, Mother Grimsby, if it costs me my life!"

"And if you dare to blow on this here place, by —— it shall cost you your life!" cried John, fiercely, while several of the others began to grow much excited.

"Look you, John M'Callan," returned the hunchback, fixing his dark eye with a keen, penetrating glance, upon the cowardly ruffian, and speaking in that calm, determined tone which never fails to produce a marked impression; "look you, John! I know you well, and you know me; and if you dare to lift a hand against me, you shall rue it to the end of your miserable life!"

On hearing this, John turned pale, and began to grow nervous; but he had already gone too far to retreat, without subjecting himself to the raillery of his companions; and he also felt his drooping courage revive, by the exclamations of some two or three of his friends who stood around him.

"He is a traitor!" said one.

"A —— villain!" cried another.

"Let's break his head, and pitch him into the street!" vociferated a third.

But the deformed boy stood firm, glancing quickly from one to the other of the different parties, not one of whom seemed inclined to be the first to molest him.

"If you let me take that little girl away quietly," he said, at length, "you'll have no occasion to consider me a traitor, and I'll save you the trouble of breaking my head and pitching me into the street, for I'll leave at once, and never come here again."

"She can't go with you!" said John, loudly, getting up and pushing back the cuffs of his sleeves, as if preparing for a fight. "I've said it, and I'll stick to it!"

The hunchback made no reply to this; but, while he kept his eyes warily about him, he said to Ellen:

"Come, my little lady; I don't think these boys are so bad as they pretend—and I can't see why they should harm you, who have never harmed them."

As he spoke, he motioned to Ellen to approach him.

As she tremblingly arose, and attempted to do so, John M'Callan pushed her rudely back upon the bench, exclaiming:

"Don't you dare to stir, without my leave!"

Scarcely were the words spoken, when, bounding forward like a ball, the hunchback struck him in the pit of the stomach with his head, and sent him clean from the floor against the wall, where he struck with a dull, heavy sound, and then fell to the ground like a log. This was done almost with the quickness of thought; and, as the gallant boy recoiled from the blow he had himself given, he struck another of John's friends in the stomach in the same manner, laying him out on the floor, while, with his active fists, he knocked in two of the front teeth of a third.

The dance now broke up with the cry of "A fight!" and several of John's friends made a rush upon Ellen's champion. But they met with an opposition they did not expect, for young Crawford, and two or three others, came to his assistance, and soon the fight became general. The girls screamed and ran away, with the exception of a few of the more vicious, who remained to take a part in the contest.

And brutal, bloody, and disgusting it was. Bottles, tumblers, and every sort of missile that could be laid hold of were hurled by one combatant at the head of another, and chairs and tables were broken, and the fragments very freely used.

At length, to stop the *melee*, some two or three of the oldest girls—who, along with the frightened old hag, had fled to the corridor for safety—dashed boldly in and put out the lights. But still the enraged combatants fought on in the darkness. At last a heavy knock on the outer door resounded through the gloomy vacancies of the old building, and almost immediately the uproarious tumult was succeeded by a deep silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIMENSIONS OF THE EARTH

Two German scientific men, Messrs. Behum and Wagner, have recently published the results of some very accurate measurements that they have made respecting the dimensions of the earth. From these it appears that the length of the polar axis is 12,712,136 metres, that of the minimum equatorial diameter which is situated 103 deg. 14 min. east of the meridian of Paris, or 76 deg. 46 min. west, is 12,752,701 metres, whilst the maximum diameter at 13 deg. 14 min. east, and 166 deg. 46 min. west, is 12,756,588 metres. They estimate the total surface of the globe at 509,940,000 square kilometres, whilst its volume is equal to 1,082,860,000,000 cubic kilometres. The circumference of the globe on its shortest meridian is 40,000,008 metres, whilst that of the longest is 40,069,003 metres. The oceans and glaciers occupy 375,127,950 square kilometres. The total number of inhabitants of the earth is estimated at 1,391,000,000; viz., 300,590,000 in Europe, 798,000,000 in Asia, 203,300,000 in Africa, whilst the population of America is 84,542,000, and that of Oceana 4,438,000. The population of the towns and cities exceeding 50,000 inhabitants is 69,378,500; or about one-twentieth part of the total population of the globe, leaving nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants for the villages and smaller towns.

FAMILY SONG.

BY W. G. W.

Steadily still shall in home's music twine
True notes that swell by its sacred shrine,
From our family's hearts, while all day long
We feel the beseeding soul of the song
That strengthens for work, and work with love
That is always blest by The Worker above.

Steadily still earn the crowning joy,
By father and mother and girl and boy,
When no duty is shirked, no hour but brings
Some wreath of triumph on its strong wings,
Which murmur of work, and work with love
That is always blest by The Worker above.

Steadily still, and in after days
That have called the grown to varied ways,
Far out in the sounding battle of life,
How all will brighten the hardest strife
With memories of work, and work with love
Then so grandly blessed by The Worker above.

It is this thrills the heart and the muscles now,
It is this that in future will crown each brow;
And when for us all time's work is done
We will know that Eternity's joy was won
With that song of work, and work with love
That was always blest by The Worker above."

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 25, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

NURSE AND PATIENT.

Nora had ample subject for reflection, when she was alone again with her patient.

She sat down by the bedside, and tried to think calmly of what Janet had said to her. It was all so horrible she could not. Her pulses throbbed, her heart beat wildly. She felt a weird spell of horror stealing over her.

Hours elapsed before Major Vaughn unclosed his eyes. Nora was sitting close to the bedside, crying quietly. He glanced up at her quite wildly.

"Why are you here?" he demanded, in a petulant tone, as if the sight of a strange face did not please him.

The sound of his voice thrilled her strangely, but she controlled herself to reply:

"You are very ill, Major Vaughn. I came to nurse you back to health again."

"Ill?" and one of his wasted hands was pressed thoughtfully to his brow. "What made me ill?"

"Sickness sometimes seizes upon the strongest and best of us," Nora said, faintly.

"Ah! I remember now!" he hid his face in the pillow with a bitter groan. "She broke my heart. I thought everybody went away and left me to die alone. I know she is gone. She will never come back. I cast her off—discarded her! She is wife of mine no longer. Ha! ha! Think you she will grieve over that—or will this new lover be able to console her?"

His mind wandered. He was dwelling upon the bitter past.

"Hush!" cried Nora, with white lips. "Try to compose yourself. For God's sake, don't go on like that."

He lifted his face suddenly from the pillow, and glared at her curiously, intently.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she asked.

"Your voice! It was like her voice—the voice of the false woman who betrayed me."

Nora drew back in alarm. She knew her face blanched to ghastly whiteness. In the excitement of the moment, she had forgotten herself, and spoken in her natural tones.

Quite mechanically, she reached for the cordial that had been left upon a stand at the bed-head. It was the best movement she could have made to cover her confusion.

"Drink this," she said, holding the glass to his lips. "Your mind wanders. You will feel better by-and-by."

He drained the glass to its dregs, and then turned his face away from her, lying quite still, as if exhausted. Nora knew, presently, that he slept.

She felt almost thankful for the stupor that seemed to muddle his brain. She knew that alone had prevented a thorough recognition. But now the worst danger was over.

The sick man dozed, or lay in a sort of stupor all night long, and far into the next morning.

Janet came in, almost as soon as it was light. She stood by the bedside a long while, gazing down at her uncle in a wishful, half-frightened way. At last she turned to Nora.

"You are sure he is no worse, Sister Theresa?" she whispered. "Quite sure?"

"I am positive. Indeed, he breathes easier every hour. To me, his symptoms seem better."

"Thank God!"

Janet spoke the words almost hysterically. She gave a quick glance in the direction of the stand upon which the medicines were placed. A quick flush swept into her pale cheeks.

"He does not appear to be worse after taking any of the mixtures that have been prepared for him?" she said, hesitatingly.

"No. I believe his medicines are helping him."

A smile of relief broke over her face. She stood looking down at the sick man a moment longer, and then turned to go.

"Remember what I said to you last night," she whispered, as she went out, "I meant every word of it, then, and I mean it still."

Major Vaughn seemed to improve through the day. It was some time in the afternoon that he opened his eyes, after a long, quiet sleep, and gazed wonderingly all around.

Finally his regards seemed to centre themselves upon Nora. He scanned her from head to foot, and this time there was no wildness, no speculation in that gaze. In vain she tried to look cool and unconcerned under it. The effort was a failure. She compelled herself to speak. It was the only resource left.

"I hope you find yourself better, sir?" she said.

"Much better, thank you," and he smiled sweetly upon her. "Are you here on purpose to take care of me?"

"I am."

"You are very good to nurse me so faithfully. I had a vague consciousness of your presence, all through the night. At first it distressed me a little; but afterwards there came a strange sense of relief to think you were with me. There is something strangely familiar about you."

Again his dull eyes swept her face inquisitively; and at length he turned them away, heaving a long, hopeless sigh.

For her life, Nora could not have resisted the impulse to lean forward and say with parted lips:

"You must be very unhappy, sir."

"I was thinking of you," he answered. "There is something strangely familiar about you."

Nora did not speak. She could not.

"Perhaps I have seen your face before. Indeed, I must have seen it."

She struggled bravely with herself, and speech came back again.

"It is very probable. I have lived in this part of the country nearly all my life."

"I see by your dress that you belong to some religious order."

"I came directly from the Convent of the Sacred Heart."

"Oh, yes, yes. Somebody sent for you, I suppose?"

"Yes."

He was silent a moment, and Nora heard him sighing softly again. His features grew strangely white and contracted all at once.

"You are in pain," she cried, springing to his side. "You must take some more of the drops that were left."

He pushed aside the glass she presented.

"This time it is mental distress," he said, faintly. "It suddenly occurred to me of whom you so strongly reminded me."

"Who was it?" she queried.

"One I would give my right hand to forget utterly—to blot from my memory as though she had never existed."

"You refer to your wife?" said Nora, faintly.

"To my lost, unhappy wife."

A low, hollow moan broke from his lips—a moan of utter despair.

"I have heard of her. You must have loved her very dearly."

"Too well—only too well! Perhaps I am being punished for my idolatry—for I did idolize her. I believe people are punished for such sins, sometimes."

Nora was trembling all over. She drew back a little, her face in the shadow of the curtains.

"Did it never occur to you that you might have fearfully misjudged that unhappy woman?" she ventured. "We are all so prone to believe ill of each other."

"Did I never think of it?" he repeated. "There is not an hour in the day or night, during which I do not ask myself the question, and try to convince myself of her innocence. But in vain. The proof of her guilt is too glaring, too damning. It would blacken even an angel from heaven."

Poor Nora felt her heart sink within her.

"She might have been the victim of an artfully contrived plot, Major Vaughn. I have heard of such things. Forgive me for saying that it is due to her, and due to yourself, that this matter should be fully investigated."

The banker shook his head.

"It is very kind of you to speak a word in her favor. But your pity is wasted upon her. I fear she does not deserve it. I doubt if she had an enemy in the world. She cannot be innocent. I found her myself locked in a room with her paramour. If only God gives me health and strength again, that villain shall yet pay dearly for the misery he has wrought."

There was an indescribable bitterness in his tone that struck a chill to Nora's heart. She saw how useless it would be to argue the question with him until he had become convinced, with his own senses, of the wickedness of some of his so-called friends. Then, indeed, he might be open to conviction. Not sooner.

No, it would be madness to declare herself at this early stage. She must wait and watch. Surely God would put the evidence she was after into her hands, if she were only patient and watchful.

Before she could reply to the banker's last words, there came a soft tap at the door, and Godfrey Vaughn entered the apartment.

Fortunately, he barely glanced at Nora, or he must have witnessed her horror at sight of his detested face. It had never occurred to him to look for an enemy in this demure Sister of Mercy.

He went up to the bed, and took Major Vaughn's hand in his own.

"You are better, dear uncle, much better," he said, in a tone of well-simulated joy.

Nora was watching him covertly. She saw a dark shadow sweep over his face, as if the sight of improvement did not really please him.

"Yes," responded the banker; "I have the best nurse in the world. You must thank her, if there is a change for the better."

Godfrey turned, and looked steadfastly at Nora for the first time. Would he recognize her? Her heart grew sick with terror.

"I hope you will continue to be faithful, madam," he said; "and restore my dear uncle to us very speedily."

She bowed in answer. She dared not trust herself to do more.

Godfrey lingered a few moments, and then went out. On the stairs he encountered Rose.

"That nurse is a queer creature," he said, stopping her. "Can you make her out?"

"No," answered Rose, frankly. "But I think she will bear watching."

"So do I."

And with those words, he passed on.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A GUILTY COMPACT.

Those few words that passed between Godfrey and Rose, on the stairs, had a listener—none other than the waiting-maid, Susette.

She happened to be dusting one of the upper rooms, and the door stood ajar. She could not help catching what was said.

"I must warn my lady," she muttered, trembling in her shoes. "Mr. Godfrey and Miss Rose would outwit the bad man himself, if they once got their two heads together. Yes, my lady must know of this."

Thus far, she had scarcely spoken to Nora. Indeed, they had met only once or twice. Then a quick glance had passed between them, and nothing more. It was better that they should not be seen talking much together.

Now, however, Susette glanced quickly all round the upper hall the instant she stepped into it, and seeing no one, opened the door of the sick room and silently beckoned for Nora to approach.

The bed was so placed that Major Vaughn could see nothing of what transpired.

Nora crossed the floor noiselessly.

"What is it?" she whispered, giving Susette a quick glance of alarm.

"It may mean nothing, and it may mean a great deal," answered the maid, in the same smothered tone. "Mr. Godfrey and Miss Rose are getting their eyes open, that's all."

"They have not penetrated my disguise?" exclaimed Nora, turning pale.

"Not yet; but they agreed to watch you, and that goes for something. I thought you ought to know it."

"You are very good, Susette, and I shall never forget your kindness."

"I am only too glad to serve you, my lady, and hope you will yet be back here again as the mistress of Rosewood." Which was perfectly true.

Nora closed the door, and went back to her old position by the bedside. She took a devotional book from her pocket, and appeared to be absorbed in its contents, but, in fact, she was thinking of what Susette had said to her.

She sat up very late that night. When the house clocks were striking the hour of twelve, she was still in the sick-room, standing by the open window, her figure entirely concealed by the voluminous curtains.

Suddenly she heard footsteps crashing on the gravel beneath the window. Looking out, a man's dark figure was plainly visible, slowly approaching the house.

He paused a few moments, as if to watch and listen, and at last climbed boldly the terrace, and tapped softly upon the window directly below.

It was the library window, and Nora happened to know that Godfrey Vaughn was still up, and waiting in that room. It did not surprise her, therefore, to hear the sash pushed softly up, and to see the figure disappear.

"I believe it was Roland Dane," she said to herself, with a quicker pulse. "Who else would come to Rosewood like a thief in the night? Who else would be seeking that arch-fiend, Godfrey Vaughn, so mysteriously? Those worthy confederates have not done with their schemes, even yet. I wonder if I could contrive to overhear what they say to each other? For my husband's sake, I must make the attempt."

She glided back into the room, and glanced quickly at the bed. Major Vaughn seemed to be buried in a profound slumber. His breathing was deep and regular, he was not likely to awake for a long time.

Nora stole past the bed and out into the hall. All was silent as the grave. On the thickly carpeted stairs, her slipperless feet made not the slightest sound. She gained the lower hall, unseen, unsuspected.

Suddenly a door opened softly somewhere above. She crouched into the nearest recess in the wall, quite breathless, for almost immediately, a ghostly figure came gliding down the stairs as stealthily as she had done herself.

It was Rose. Dark as were the halls, she could not mistake that slight, graceful form, with its fluttering draperies.

She did not stir—she scarcely breathed. Rose softly crossed the hall, and Nora saw her approach the library door, and stoop with her ear at the keyhole.

Close to the spot where she was crouching was a door that led into a small anteroom, communicating with the library, and running parallel to it. Slowly and noiselessly, not to attract the attention of the eavesdropper, she pushed open this door, and entered the small apartment.

The second door—that leading into library itself—stood ajar. She swiftly approached it, and knelt down with her eye and ear at the aperture.

She had conjectured rightly. Roland Dane was Godfrey's companion in that room. The two men were seated at a small table, littered with papers. Godfrey had evidently been writing.

He sat now with the pen carelessly dropping from between his fingers. He was quite pale, and his dark eyes had an ominous glitter.

"I thought you would come to-night, Roland," he said. "I have been waiting for you."

"You are in still further need of my help, I suppose?" sneered his companion.

Godfrey seemed to wince at the words as though they stung him.

"Perhaps I may wish to profit by your advice."

"It is ready for you—as it always has been."

"Yes, yes. You have done me a great many good turns, Roland, and I am duly grateful."

"You have reason to be. But let that pass. What can I do for you now?"

"Before we proceed to other business I wish to ask how you have succeeded in a certain mission with which I entrusted you?"

Godfrey paused for a reply, and after a slight start, Roland said, shifting uneasily in his chair:

"That mission was to find your uncle's wife, and report her whereabouts to you?"

"Yes."

His light blue eyes dropped, and an expression of annoyance flitted over his face.

"I have accomplished nothing," he answered.

"What!" cried Godfrey, starting from his chair, with a bitter oath. "Are you unable to discover her hiding-place, with all the facilities of a large city at your command?"

"Thus far I have been. I traced her to a villa on the Harlem road, whose mistress is a widow. Mrs. Vaughn was living there, I believe, when your uncle married her?"

"Yes."

"She remained there for a single night, and then disappeared. Where she may be at the present time, I am as ignorant as yourself."

"Lose no time," said Godfrey, after a pause. "The search must be thorough, complete. Put the cleverest detectives in the city upon Nora's track, without delay."

"They might discover too much for your good and mine, my good fellow."

"We must run the risk," was the impatient answer. "A little money will silence the sharpest tongue of them all."

Roland looked up with a sneer.

"True," said he, significantly; "but where is that 'little money' coming from? Not from my pocket; it isn't there."

Godfrey's face grew dark with meaning. A red flush flamed hotly into his cheeks.

"That is the very subject about which I wished to consult you," he said, in a low voice, dropping his hand on Roland's arm. "You know I am a beggar myself, that I couldn't subsist a single day, were it not for my uncle's bounty. Suggest something."

Roland looked him steadfastly in the face.

"Why don't you speak out the thought in your own mind," he said, abruptly.

"There is none."

"Don't trouble yourself to tell lies to me, Godfrey. You have dealt in insinuations before to-night. Think you I am a fool, that I cannot comprehend what it is you would have me do?"

The flush faded from Godfrey's face, leaving it of a ghastly whiteness.

"I would have you do nothing that—that is wrong," he stammered.

"Bah! Why may we not deal candidly with each other? You are determined I shall take the initiative. So be it. The whole matter stands very much like this: You are poor and in debt. You want money. When your uncle dies, you are likely to get some; but Major Vaughn is a man of iron constitution, and may live many years, despite this illness, unless——"

He paused, and his eyes met Godfrey's. The latter put up his hand, shuddering visibly.

"Hush," he gasped, cold beads of perspiration bursting out upon his forehead. "You fool, why need you put the horrible alternative into words?"

"I need not. I think you understand me well enough without."

There was a silence. Godfrey sat with his hands clasped over his face. At last he dropped them. He looked a ghost.

"What would induce you to—to—do that which I wish to be done?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Persuade Major Vaughn to make his will, dividing his fortune between you and Rose—half and half, mind—and I will help you."

"But—Janet!" stammered Godfrey.

"He is not likely to leave her anything," was answered with a laugh. "You know why. He can't forget that old business of the petty thefts. You and Rose and *Detective Drew* succeeded in imposing upon him pretty cleverly. I know all about that affair, old fellow."

Godfrey turned away in a rage.

"None of that," he growled; "I had nothing to do with that deviltry. Rose must shoulder her own sins."

"She is abundantly able to do it," said Rose herself, bursting unceremoniously into the apartment.

The two men sprang to their feet, angrily confronting her. Godfrey looked frightened, and there was flame in his eyes, as if he could have torn her from limb to limb.

"You have been listening," he hissed, savagely.

She laughed in his face. It was a horrible laugh, full of cunning and sinister meaning.

"What then?" she said. "I have only heard you plotting what I am only too anxious to accomplish myself. I'm tired of being poor and dependent. I can't keep up the farce any longer. What is more, I won't do it! I must have money! You need not be afraid of me. Though a woman, I am a bold and unscrupulous one, as you must have found out already. I can help you, on the terms Roland proposed—and I'll do it, too!"

She held out her hand. Godfrey took it, and Roland crept up to them, chuckling softly.

"I think you can trust Rose," said he. "With her share of Major Vaughn's money she can marry me—but not without it. That is enough to keep her true to our interests."

The three put their heads close together. What more they said was spoken in subdued whispers. Nora could only catch a word now and then. But she heard quite enough to know that Janet's fears and her own had not played them falsely.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANOTHER FEARFUL STEP IS TAKEN.

The next morning Godfrey paid a somewhat early visit to the sick room.

Nora was sitting with her patient. She trembled at the sound of the approaching step, and could scarcely control her agitation. She knew, only too well, what was coming.

Godfrey spoke a few pleasant words to his uncle, who was sitting propped up in the bed, and then turned to Nora.

"You may withdraw, madam," he said, not any too courteously. "I wish to see Major Vaughn alone for a few moments."

Nora left the room. She closed the door, slamming it a little, but took care not to latch it. There was a crevice left at which she could listen, as she had listened at the library door the night before.

She dared not linger at once, however. She took several turns up and down the corridors, trying to control the tremor of horror that had seized upon every limb.

At last she crept back to the crevice in the door.

Godfrey was speaking at that moment. She could have told his soft, silken tones among a thousand.

"There is no present danger," he was saying; "and I do not wish you to believe I think there is. But there are some things a man is not wise to postpone. If you should not recover—mind, I say if you should not—please reflect in what a situation you would leave my two cousins, Rose and Janet."

There was an instant's silence, and then the banker spoke.

"I know what you are driving at, Godfrey. You wish me to make my will."

"I think you had better make it, my dear uncle. I am not presumed to have any wish in the matter. Indeed, it is a very delicate subject for me to broach at all."

"Then why have you broached it?" was the half-angry rejoinder.

"Regard for my cousins, Rose and Janet, and an earnest desire——"

The banker interrupted him quite impetuously:

"Janet shall have nothing—not a dollar! Was it not enough——"

He broke off abruptly. Not even to Godfrey would he confide his suspicions of Janet.

Nora, listening at the door, wondered a little at his vehemence.

"I would not presume to dictate," said Godfrey, presently; "but Rose, at least, has done nothing to forfeit your regard. It is your duty, as I look at it, to consider her future interests. And there is one other matter which deserves a little attention."

"To what do you refer?"

"Pardon me if I pain you," he said, very softly, after a pause; "but it is my duty to speak out. Have you reflected on what would be sure to follow, if anything should happen—if this illness should terminate fatally?"

"What do you mean?" gasped the banker. "I am recovering—I am not going to die this time—anybody could see that. Still, I should very much like to know what you mean?"

"If you die without making a will, your false wife and her paramour will yet reign triumphantly at Rosewood."

It was brutally put; but Godfrey saw no other way out of the tangle in which he had involved himself.

Nora heard her husband draw a deep, gasping breath. There was an instant's silence, and then he cried, fiercely:

"Never! I shall rise in my grave to turn them out. Send for my lawyer at once. I'll make a will this very day."

"My dear uncle, I trust you realize that this has been a very unhappy subject to me, and that I would willingly have been spared the pain of broaching it?"

"Send for the lawyer!" exclaimed Major Vaughn, irascibly. "I know very well how disinterested your advice generally proves. Go! go! I am faint—I can talk no more."

Nora heard Godfrey turn away from the bed. She darted quickly down the corridor, and was at the end farthest away from the sick room when he came out.

He looked savage, crestfallen.

"The —— fool!" he muttered to himself. "What has directed his suspicions against me, I wonder?"

He gave Nora a sharp, searching glance, and went slowly down the stairs, with his head dropped thoughtfully upon his breast.

Nora found her patient flushed and excited when she entered the room again. He lay for a long while as if pondering some subject deeply; but suddenly his eyes flashed over her face.

A little past noon the lawyer made his appearance. This time it was the banker who dismissed Nora. She went out, leaving him alone with the lawyer and the lawyer's clerk, and again began to pace the corridor.

She had an object in remaining near the door.

Presently Rose came upstairs.

"Sister Theresa," said she, sweetly, "there is a lad down stairs who is asking for you. I think he comes from the convent."

"A lad to see me?" repeated Nora, in some surprise.

Then she recollected herself. Mrs. Churchill might wish to communicate with her, and could hit upon no better way.

"Yes," replied Rose. "I told him to wait on the terrace until I spoke to you. He is there now."

Nora hurried down to meet him. She found the boy—a dirty, malicious-looking imp—seated upon the steps.

"What do you want, my lad?" she demanded.

"If you please, ma'am, I have a letter—and I was to give it into nobody's hands save the young woman's from the convent."

"You mean Sister Theresa?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am Sister Theresa. Give the letter to me."

She took it, and opened it at once. It was written in a delicate hand, though evidently disguised. It ran thus:

"*Come back to the convent without delay. The abbess is very ill, and is asking for you continually. It is a question if she ever recovers. She fell down in a fainting fit last night, and has been extremely low ever since. Be sure to come at once, if you wish to see her alive again.*"

There was no signature.

Of course Nora knew at a glance that the letter was a base forgery. Its contents assured her of the fact very palpably.

"Who gave you this?" she asked, sharply, looking at the boy.

He dropped his head, as if frightened, and hesitated a moment.

"A—a—young woman with just such a queer gown on as is yours," he stammered.

"Humph! You may go."

And she abruptly turned her back on the audacious little rascal.

"It is Rose's doings," she thought.

Then, like a flash, the truth broke upon her mind. She wondered it had not occurred to her before.

Rose wished to listen to the conversation that took place in Major Vaughn's chamber.

She hurried upstairs, and met Rose, very much agitated, on the landing. Both stopped.

"Did you see the boy?" Rose composed herself to ask, glancing keenly at Nora.

"Yes. His errand was all a pretense, though."

"Indeed!" opening wide her eyes. "That is strange. What could he have meant by coming here?"

"That remains to be seen."

And Nora passed on, conscious that Rose's eyes followed her in a gaze of concentrated suspicion and malice.

She waited outside Major Vaughn's door, determined not to quit her post again. Presently the lawyer's clerk looked out.

"Please send for a young person called Susette, madam," he said. "She is wanted. Stay"—as Nora was moving off—"perhaps you will answer better. I'll inquire."

"No, no!" cried Nora, considerably agitated. "I will go for Susette."

She knew somebody was wanted to witness the will that had, probably, been drawn up. For various reasons she did not wish to put down her name to the paper.

Indeed, what name could she have written? Not her own; and her handwriting might have betrayed her, had Major Vaughn looked at it attentively. She could not disguise that.

Susette was found readily enough. She went into the banker's room, and remained there some moments. She looked white and flurried when she came out again.

Nora was still in the corridor. Susette went straight up to her, and dropped her hand on her arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOOD conversation is one of the highest attainments of civilized society. It is the readiest way in which gifted minds exert their influence, and as such is worthy of all consideration and cultivation.

FACETIÆ.

A MAN in Ottawa, Canada, recently sold his wife for the very reasonable sum of ten dollars.

"OF what beverage did Julius Cæsar die?" Answer: "Of Roman punches, administered by Brutus."

WE understand that the plumbers are getting up a testimonial to "Old Probabilities," for favors shown this season.

A HINT.—"I wish I was a pudding, mamma."

"Why?"

"'Cause I should have such lots of sugar put into me."

"WHAT on earth made you get so drunk? and why—oh, why do you come to me in this dreadful state?"

"Because, my darling, all the other places are shut up."

"How would you feel, my dear, if we were to meet a wolf?" asked an old lady of her little grandchild, with whom she was walking along a lonely country road.

"Oh, grandmamma, I should be so frightened!" was the reply.

"But I should stand in front of you, and protect you," said the old lady.

"Would you, grannie?" cried the child, clapping her hands with delight. "That would be nice. While the wolf was eating you, I should have time to run away!"

A PROOF OF SANITY.—In a court-room in Mississippi, a man was on trial for larceny. His sanity was doubted by some, and the district attorney thought it best to prove it, and put the following question to one of his leading witnesses:

"Do you think the prisoner can distinguish between right and wrong; can tell the difference between good and bad?"

Witness—"I think he can, sir; for I saw him take a drink of whisky, and he said it was good whisky; and from this circumstance, I should infer that he could tell the difference between good and bad."

The bar enjoyed a hearty laugh over the novelty of the answer, in which the judge freely participated, and the proof was accepted.

ORIENTAL WIT.—A young man going a journey, entrusted a hundred deenars to an old man. When he came back, the old man denied having had any money deposited with him, and he was had up before the Khadee.

"Where were you, young man, when you delivered this money?"

"Under a tree."

"Take my seal and summon that tree," said the judge. "Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither, and the tree will obey when you show it my seal."

The young man went in wonder.

After he had been gone some time, the Khadee said to the old man:

"He is long. Do you think he has got there yet?"

"No," said the old man; "it is at some distance. He has not got there yet."

"How knowest thou, old man," cried the Khadee, "where that tree is?"

The young man returned, and said the tree would not come.

"He has been here, young man, and given his evidence. The money is thine."

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

I'm costly or common,
I'm curved or I'm straight,
Of little dimensions,
Or what some call great;
My voice can be plaintive
And sweet, sharp or shrill,
As you list to its tones
'Neath the trees by the rill.

I am part of a man,
Though I dwell below ground,
And in pastry-cook's shops
Or in cellars am found.
I consume and convey,
Am strong and am feeble,
Some think me quite pleasant,
And some disagreeable.

Do you ask what I look like?
I make you reply,
My forms are so many,
'Twere folly to try
To describe my appearance
And coloring, too;
I'm like the chameleon,
Of variable hue.

CLARA A. THOMPSON.

NUMBERED CHARADE.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 7, 9, 10, 6 appertains to the body.
My 8, 10, 11 is a necessary domestic article.
My 3, 1, 5 is a disturbance.
My 11, 2, 6 is a religious personage.
My 4, 12 is an animal.
My 10, 6, 11 is a house of resort.
My 7, 10, 12 is a number.
My 8, 2, 10, 6 is destruction.
My 7, 1, 5 is an agricultural act.
My 7, 8, 4, 1, 11 is an article for the table.
My 9, 10, 8 is part of the body.
My whole you can now behold.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. Show the digits which, when multiplied by 7, will give a result all ones.
2. Show the digits which, when multiplied by 7, will give a result all twos.
3. Show the digits which, when multiplied by 7, will give a result all threes.
4. Show the digits which, when multiplied by 7, will give a result all fours.
5. Show the digits which, when multiplied by 7, will give a result all fives.
6. Show the digits which, when multiplied by 7, will give a result all sixes.
7. Show the digits which, when multiplied by 7, will give a result all sevens.
8. Show the digits which, when multiplied by 7, will give a result all nines.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 38.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 32, Vol. 54.

ENIGMA.—"He doeth all things well."

CHARADE.—Horse-chestnut.

HIDDEN BOUQUET.—1. Bella-donna. 2. Blue-bell. 3. Chick-weed. 4. Colt's-foot. 5. Fox-glove. 6. Holly-hock. 7. Hem-lock. 8. Cow-slip. 9. Sweet William.

A LESSON.

Last night I weighed, quite wearied out,
The question that perplexes still;
And that sad spirit we call doubt
Made the good nought beside the ill.

This morning, when with rested mind
I try again the self same theme,
The whole is altered, and I find
The balance turned, the good supreme.

A little sleep, a brief night's rest,
Has changed the look of all that is!
Sure any creed I hold at best
Needs humble holding after this.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

THE THREE PALMERS.

BY G. R. ROBERTSON.

The ancient town of Bingen is beautifully situated on the banks of the Rhine, close to the mouth of the river Nahe, at the foot of a lofty mountain of a pyramidal form, on the summit of which are the ruins of the Castle of Klopp, standing on the site of a Roman castrum, attributed to Drusus, and which had been reputed impregnable, until taken by the French, during the Thirty Years' War. The tower, which is still preserved, commands a panoramic view of rich and impressive scenery. The fine bridge which crosses the river Nahe bears the name of the "Bridge of Drusus," and, though often repaired, is at present resting on arches and piles which clearly bespeak a Roman origin.

In the year 1103, three strangers paid a visit to the town of Bingen. Their dresses, and the staves they carried in their hands, proclaimed them to be palmers. From whence they had come, or whither they were bound, no one seemed to know save themselves; but, during their stay, several rumors were afloat. They seemed worn with toil and travel. Their garments were coarse and wretched, even for persons of their description, and they had suffered their hair and beards to grow to an immoderate length. As a natural consequence, the inhabitants of Bingen soon became anxious to learn something of their history. The palmers, however, did not seem disposed to give either direct or satisfactory answers to the questions put to them by the townfolks, and not caring to be pestered with any more inquiries, they prepared to leave. So, about noon on one fine autumnal day, they bid adieu to Bingen, and set forth on their pilgrimage. He who seemed to direct the movements of the three was very tall, and displayed a figure of remarkably fine proportions. His limbs seemed of herculean strength, his eyes were blue and sparkling, and his hair of a bright yellow, inclining to red. As he strode along, a short distance in advance of his companions, his gait and gestures gave him more the air of a monarch than of a monk and pious pilgrim. Occasionally, however, he seemed to recollect the sacred character he had assumed, and made an effort to tame down the imperious expression of his features into something like humility and sanctity. His companions were frequently seen, although with evident deference and respect, to remonstrate with him on his bearing, which he sometimes answered by altering the mode of his behavior in the manner above mentioned. Another peculiarity was remarked in the conduct of the palmers, as they traveled from town to town—that, instead of soliciting alms, they seemed to be profusely supplied with money, which they expended freely and lavishly. They traveled on foot, after leaving Bingen, for very many days, and seldom, if ever, gave symptoms of fatigue, and continued on their journey until they reached the little village of Ginacia, which is about five miles from the city of Vienna. Our travelers had halted and rested for the night at the several towns or villages between that city and Bingen. During their passage over this vast tract of land, the tall palmer—for so he was designated—took great pains to conceal his features with his hood, and to avoid the castles and palaces of the great, which were the places into which such persons in general were most anxious to obtain admittance. On the present occasion, they gave another instance of the strangeness of their conduct, by stopping at the miserable inn of Ginacia, instead of going on to Vienna, where they might procure the best fare.

They had no sooner arrived at this hovel, than the contents of their wallets proved that they had not been forgetful of the necessary provender. A noble goose was produced and placed upon the spit, and the operation of cooking it was performed by the tall palmer himself. The host's recommendations of his wines were not attended to, but the travelers took their own flagons from their wallets, remunerating the host, however, in the same manner as if they had partaken of his vintage.

"Multon, friend," said the tall palmer, during their repast, "we must be wary. The duke, you know, loves me not; and were I to fall into his hands, it would be long again ere I should see the merry land in which I was born. That minstrel whom we met at Bingen, and who has since then trod so closely on our heels, is a spy, I warrant ye, for his features and accents, however he tries to disguise them, prove him to be English. Nevertheless, we are here, with hearty good cheer before us. Let us quaff one cup to the Countess of Loir; another to the land we are hastening to; a third to the confusion of Paynims."

The cups were emptied, after which the three joined in singing a favorite ditty of the period.

While the palmers were thus occupied, they had not observed a minstrel who had entered the room, and placing himself at the farthest extremity, leaned upon his harp, and gazed intently at them. There was a strange mixture of intelligence and malignity in the expression of his countenance as he enviously scanned the features of the tall palmer. When the song was concluded, he rose, and approaching the festive board, made a low obeisance. The reverend trio started as though they had seen a spectre.

"Ha!" said one, "'tis the spy minstrel. What would ye with us, man? We are palmers, with whose reverend character it would ill accord to listen to the profane ditties of wandering minstrels."

"Nay," said the minstrel, "I know many a fytte to which your ears, holy fathers, and your cheeks never blush. I can tell you of the exploits of good Christian knights in the Holy Land; of Peter the Hermit, Godfrey Bouillon, and of brave King Richard of England."

"Nay, nay!" exclaimed the tall palmer. "Perythee, begone; we have our frugal meal to dispatch, and to retire to our humble beds, that we may be stirring betimes in the morning."

"Ye are discourteous churls," said the minstrel, "and ye shall one day remember that ye gave the minstrel neither meat nor drink, and would not listen to his ditty."

Thus saying, he took up his harp, and with a look of defiance, left the apartment.

Although the meal of the palmers was not quite as frugal, or their prayers and penances as exemplary, as they wished the minstrel to believe, yet the beds on which they stretched themselves to pass the night did not belie the humble character which they had ascribed to them. The tall palmer's mind was not inactive, although his body was quiescent. War and tumult, ignominy and cruel imprisonment, occupied, by turns, his imagination. Once he fancied himself entering a great city, amidst the exclamations of assembled thousands. Warriors and statesmen hailed him as their lord, and a reverend prelate placed a crown upon his brow, and breathed a benediction on the soldiers of the cross. At that moment he thought that a fair lady laid her hand upon his arm; but her touch, instead of being light and gentle, was so heavy and violent, that it dispelled his dream, and starting from his sleep, he found himself in the grasp of an armed man. The tall palmer, however, was not a person to be easily overpowered. As lightly as the lion shakes the dew-drop from his mane, did he shake off his assailant, and then, clenching his unarmed hand, aimed so tremendous a blow at his steel casque, that it felled him to the ground. He found, however, that the apartment was full of men similarly armed, and that his two companions were secured and bound.

The odds against the tall palmer were indeed fearful, but he defended himself for a long time against his assailants. At length, however, two men stealing behind him, seized his hands, and contrived to slip a gauntlet over them, by which they made them fast.

"How now, my masters?" ejaculated the tall palmer, "What mean ye? Are ye Christians, to assault three poor religious persons, who are traveling on their way home from the Holy Land?"

"Nay, nay!" said the minstrel, for he was among the number of these unwelcome visitors; "they are not palmers, and when my lord recovers from the effects of that unchristian blow, he will be able to recognize in this holy man a person who has before bestowed his favors upon him."

"Men and Christians!" said the palmer, "I charge ye, as ye would avoid the malison of heaven and of holy Church, let us pass on our way."

The threat of ecclesiastical censure seemed to produce some effect upon the grim soldiers, but the minstrel perceived that the person whom the palmer had stricken to the ground was recovering.

"Arise, my lord," he said; "once more behold this man, and say if I am not right?"

The duke, for such he was, approached the palmer, and each, by the glare of the torches, gazed on the other, and beheld the features of an individual to whom, of all mankind, he bore the most deadly hatred.

"'Tis Richard of England," said the duke, "the betrayer of the Christian cause, the assassin of Conrad of Montferrat, the friend of usurpers and infidels."

"Leopold of Austria," said Richard, "thou art a liar and a coward! Keep on thy case of steel, and unfetter one of these hands, and then repeat what thou hast now said, if thou darest."

"Bear him to the emperor at Hagenau," said the duke, "with his companions. My good Sir Falk Doyley and my Lord Thom, of Multon, did you think that I would allow you to traverse my territories without paying you the courtesy of a visit?"

"Thou art a traitor, Leopold!" said Lord Multon; "a traitor to the holy cause which thou didst swear to maintain in Palestine!"

"Away with the king," cried Leopold, "and let the knight and baron bear him company."

The journey from Ginacia to Hagenau afforded no events worth relating. Upon his arriving in that city, the princely Richard was immediately thrown into a dungeon, and although he offered the emperor a large sum for ransom money, he chose to keep the renowned and powerful prince in his custody. With the news of the capture of the far-famed King of England spread exaggerated reports of the strength of his arm and his personal prowess. It was expected that, with his own unarmed strength, he would be able to tear down the walls of his prison and effect his escape. Among those who listened most eagerly, and with the greatest impatience, to those reports was Prince Arthur, the emperor's only son. The prince was considered the bravest knight and the strongest man in Germany. The narration of the feats of Richard gave him no small uneasiness, and he ardently longed for an opportunity of trying his strength with the English monarch. He had visited the royal captive several times in his dungeon, and it was by his courtesy that the king was treated with the respect and attention which was due to so distinguished a person. After the English had, by means of the well known adventure of Blondel, the minstrel, discovered in whose custody their monarch was, and made large offers for his liberation, the prince endeavored to persuade his father to accept the terms, but without success. Besides his sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of his father's prisoner, the chivalrous prince was desirous to see him set at liberty, that they might meet each other on equal terms, and try fairly and fully the strength of their respective arms. At length, however, he became so impatient of delay, and so emulous of Richard's reputation for strength, that he wrung from the emperor his consent that a day should be appointed on which he and Richard should each give and receive a blow, in order to ascertain which of them was the stronger.

Richard smiled when he received the prince's challenge to meet him on this occasion, and expressed his willingness to abide the result.

On the day appointed, the emperor and the empress, the Princess Margueretta, and the principal persons about the court, assembled in the great hall of Hagenau, for the purpose of witnessing the trial of strength.

The dark eyes of Margueretta glistened with wonder and delight as the King of England, of whom she had heard so much, but had never yet seen, strode into the hall. His gigantic form, his sinewy limbs, and the haughty, undaunted expression of his features, filled her with apprehension.

Neither of the combatants were armed, but were clad in silken tunics, and wore Oriental turbans on their heads.

"Richard of England," said Arthur, "if thou would'st forbear this trial, thou mayest, but acknowledge that thou darest not compete with me, and give me that jewel in thy bonnet, in token of that acknowledgement."

"Arthur of Austria," said the English king, "I come hither not to prate; and if the emperor has only exhibited his prisoner this day that he may listen to the vain vauntings of his son, the sooner he consigns him back to his dungeon, the better. I am ready, prince, to bear thy blow, but I lack both wit and spirit to listen or reply to thy tauntings."

"Enough," answered the prince. "Look to thyself. Stand firm, or the fame of thy prowess is eclipsed forever!"

Thus saying, he raised his arm, clenched his hand, which seemed massy and ponderous as iron, and aimed a blow at Richard's head, which those who beheld it, accompanied with a shriek of horror and dismay.

The king, however, received it with his arms folded, his eye carelessly wandering round the hall, and unshaken as the trunk of an oak by the gentle breeze of summer.

The king turned shortly round upon the prince. He in his turn clenched his hand, raised his arm, and, directing his blow with the velocity of lightning at his antagonist, felled the prince, who sank lifeless to the ground.

All present instantly crowded round the corpse, and every effort was made, but unsuccessfully, to restore animation.

"Away with him!" said the emperor, in a paroxysm of rage. "Sink him in the most loathsome and deepest dungeon of the castle!"

The emperor's commands were immediately obeyed. The captive Richard was thrust into a subterrancan dungeon, from which the light and breath of heaven were alike excluded, his limbs were loaded with irons, and neither food nor drink were provided for him.

But the stout heart of Richard Plantagenet was not easily daunted. He had not been long in his odious prison-house, when, to his astonishment, the gaoler entered, holding a torch in one hand, and leading a lady by the other.

Richard started, as he recognized the Lady Margueretta.

"I come to thee," said the lady—"I come to deserve thy thanks, thy gratitude—I dare not say thy love. Yet, if I unloose thy fetters, thou must take under thy protection the helpless being to whom thou wilt owe thy deliverance."

"Sweetest lady," returned the English monarch, "fear not thou shalt to merry England. There, eyes almost as bright as thine will smile on thee a joyous welcome."

"It is now dead midnight," said the lady; "all the inmates of the castle, save the sentinels, are sunk in profound slumber. We dare not attempt to pass through the castle gates, but must ascend to a chamber above. A ladder of rope is fastened to the casement, by which we may safely descend, and then we shall find three palfreys—for thyself, for me, and for Rudolph, thy tender-hearted gaoler, who dares not stay behind."

"Thanks, generous damsel," said the king. "A few hours' hard riding will conduct us to the forest, within whose recesses we may devise some means of disguise and concealment, and of finding our way to some of the ports in Flanders, in all of which there are vessels from England, ready and anxious to facilitate the return of their king. But these fetters, lady, must not be the companions of our journey."

Rodolph had, however, provided for that emergency. He speedily unlocked the fetters, and the King of England once more stood unshackled, if not a free man. At that moment a hideous outcry was raised in the castle. The word of alarm was heard passing from sentinel to sentinel, and torches were seen approaching in the direction of the prisoner's dungeon.

"She's gone—she's fled!" exclaimed a female voice, which was immediately recognised to be that of the empress. "I found her chamber deserted, and a ladder of rope attached to the casement."

"Peace!" said the emperor; "let us see if our prisoner is safe. Ha!" he added, as, with about a dozen followers, who brandished their swords above their heads, he came within view of the subject of his search; "behold the traitor, with that degraded minion in his arms! Smite him! slay him! the murderer of prince, and the betrayer of my daughter!"

The men were not slow in obeying the commands of their master, and advanced towards the unarmed culprit. Margueretta, who was lying in his arms in a death-like stupor, became suddenly aroused, and exclaimed, "Save him—spare him! back—back!" as she rushed between the intended victim and his assailants, and received the weapon of the foremost in her bosom. A dreadful shriek was uttered by everyone; the uplifted swords fell one and all to the ground, and Margueretta, bathed in blood, fell at the feet of her father.

"Her heart is pierced! She's dead—dead!" shrieked the empress.

The emperor stood for a moment mute; his brow grew dark as night, and his lips quivered with a malignant smile, as he said, in a low, and stifled voice, "Is not the den of the Numidian lion situated opposite the dungeon of the prisoner?"

"It is, my liege," answered an attendant.

"Thrust back the traitor to his cell, then," said the emperor, "and let loose the beast upon him. That princely brute shall be my avenger."

Richard retired to his dungeon. The door of the lion's den was immediately unbarred, and the furious beast sprang forth. The glare of the torches arrested his progress for a moment, and as he rolled his red eyes around upon the spectators, they had an opportunity of observing his dimensions. He was indeed a formidable beast. He uttered a dreadful roar, and sprang towards Richard. He attempted to spring upon him from above, but the king, with his clenched fist, smote him such a blow on the breast, that he reeled back in a breathless state. A murmur of approbation and applause, which was gathering from the assembled spectators, was instantly hushed on beholding the still stern features of the emperor. Again did the animal spring upon King Richard, and again did the latter, with the same herculean strength, repel the attack. The animal now stood at the door of his den, as if willing, yet fearful, to renew the assault. He stamped violently with his feet, beat his sides with his tail, erected the hair of his head and mane, and opening wide his mouth, displayed his angry teeth, and again set up a tremendous roar. The emperor and his attendants shrunk back appalled, but what was their astonishment at seeing the king in his turn become the assailant, and rushing from his cell dart upon the incensed animal, and thrust his arm down his throat. For a moment the lion struggled with his audacious assailant, roared and plunged, and seemed even to shake the strong foundations of the castle with his struggles. Then the death-rattle was heard in his throat, and his limbs, after quivering for an instant, were stretched rigid and motionless on the ground. The Numidian lion was dead.

According to the accounts given by the several witnesses of this extraordinary encounter, Richard is reputed to have displayed the heart of the lion, when he drew forth his arm from the animal's throat.

The sequel of this history is too well known to be here repeated. King Richard was set at liberty, and, with his two companions, who had acted the part of his fellow palmers, arrived safely in England on the 20th of March, 1194. He was received by his subjects with demonstrations of unbounded joy. His exploits became familiar topics of conversation among all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest; and, above all, his adventure with the lion was made the theme of wonder and eulogy, and procured for him the popular surname of Cœur de Lion.

SAILORS' SONGS.

The spirit of poesy does not haunt the forecastle of a ship. Sailors try at times to enliven their work with songs which, though inspiriting for the moment, so far as our observation goes, have nothing at all elevating or beautiful about them. They have certain words and tunes for certain work, and we append a few stanzas by way of illustration.

When hauling up the main-yard, after reefing the maintop-sail, they sing:

"Whisky makes a poor old man—
(Chorus)—O whisky, whisky!
Johnny met me in the street,
Johnny asked me if I'd treat—
O whisky, whisky!
I said yes, next time we'd meet—
O whisky is for Johnny!"

At each recurrence of the word *whisky* the sailors give a pull on the braces. When hauling taut the weather main-brace, they sing a perversion of the old negro melody, "Hey Jim along, Jim along, Josey," but the sailors put it—

"Way, haul away—haul away, Josey—
Way, haul away—haul away, Joe!"

This is repeated over and over again, with any slight variation that may occur to the leader, until they cease hauling. Sometimes this is varied by singing—

"Haul the bowline—Kitty, you're my darling—
Haul the bowline—bowline haul!"

When heaving up the anchor, they sing—

"A Yankee ship came down the river—
(Chorus)—Blow, my bully boys, blow!
They keep an Irish mate on board her—
Blow, my bully boys, blow!
Do you know who's captain of her—
Blow, my bully boys, blow!
Jonathan Jinks, of South Carolliner—
Blow, my bully boys, blow!"

When hauling up the foretop-sail yard, after reefing or shaking out the reefs, they sing a song of more pretentions, as follows:

"Lorenzo was no sailor—
(Chorus)—Renzo, boys, Renzo!
He shipped on board a whaler—
Renzo, boys, Renzo!
He could not do his duty—
Renzo, boys, Renzo!
They took him to the gangway,
And gave him eight and forty—
Renzo, boys, Renzo!

"He sailed the Pacific ocean—
Renzo, boys, Renzo!
Where'er he took a notion—
Renzo, boys, Renzo!
He finally got married,
And then at home he tarried—
Renzo, boys, Renzo!"

LIGHT AND SHADE.

There are a million roses under the snow only waiting for a chance to blow. When the icy fetters of freezing circumstances melt, we shall see any number of human beings, as well as lower animals, springing up into positions of comfort, respectability and happiness. All that is wanted in this world is an opportunity; then frogs will sing in trees; sparrows will become peacocks; mute Miltons will be glorious; and everything will make us like one harmonious song. Alas! as has been said a thousand times before, every silver cloud has a lining of charcoal. In this matter of cloud philosophy, it depends upon which side the bright, warm sunlight is, whether they appear cheerful or forbidding. Did you ever stand upon the peak of a high mountain, and look down in the great sea of clouds at your feet? A human being may climb up the heights of prosperity, and see everything beneath his feet of the hue of gold, and pearl, and silver, with here and there an opening through which the green earth appears. It is the people at the foot of the mountains, in the valleys, who are in the fogs of doubt, the darkness of despair, the sorrows of homes void of sunshine.

JEALOUSY is at once the meanest and the most unaccountable of vices. What belongs to us we shall have inevitably; and what we want and have not, we shall never win by unreason. If we are lovely, we shall be loved, and if we are unlovely, we shall not be loved, no matter whether any other takes our place or not. Jealousy of the wealth, the social importance, or the happiness of others is alike unaccountable and absurd. Your own house is not lowlier because your neighbor's is two stories higher. If he should fail, and have to give up his carriage, it would only crowd the omnibus a little more, and by no means provide you with a vehicle. What is it in human nature that makes our poor fare seem poorer because our neighbor is eating roast duck and drinking champagne? To envy the love bestowed upon another is equally idle. Hearts keep their accounts usually with very tolerable fairness. We shall receive that of which we are worthy—no more—and what is our own, by virtue of our desert, no fate can take away.

ENGAGING MANNERS.—There are a thousand engaging ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile; the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, who may be recommended to us; the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession, these will insure us the good regards of all. There is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that is even more irresistible than beauty.

ANNIE'S ERROR.

"What makes you look so sad, Annie?" queried Herbert Norwell, as he entered the cozy little sitting-room, after his return from business, where his wife was busily engaged in sewing.

"Nothing; only I was thinking," she answered, evasively, bowing her head a trifle lower over the snowy folds of linen to conceal the tear-drops glistening on her long black lashes.

She was a small, delicate woman of two-and-twenty, with dark, lustrous hair, and an oval face, lit up by a pair of big, luminous brown eyes.

"But what are you thinking about that makes you look so sad?" Herbert persisted, taking her hand in his. "What, crying! You must tell me what it is about."

"Oh! Herbert, Mrs. Henly has been here," she said, abruptly brushing away the tears, and raising her face to his, "and she gave me such a charming description of the dress she wore at Mrs. Chase's party last evening—and to think that I should have stayed at home because I didn't have a decent dress to wear!"

"Oh, is that all?" he said, with a sigh of relief, wondering that this trivial affair should have caused a shadow to rest on her beautiful face. "I would have given you the money to buy a dress if I had known you were really in need of one."

She shook her head.

"You know how elegantly Mrs. Henly's house is furnished?"

Herbert nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, she says we ought to have a tapestry carpet on this room, a marble mantel, a piano, and——"

"Hold on, my dear!" he exclaimed. "I can't afford all that! The money market is pretty tight just now, and if I were to spend my money with such a lavish hand I should soon be crippled! I'm sure we ought to be contented with this room!"

And he glanced around him with an air of supreme satisfaction.

An ingrain carpet of neat pattern covered the floor, a few simple pictures graced the walls, and an easy lounge stood on one side, while a small number of cane-bottomed chairs were scattered about the apartment.

"But Mr. Henly can afford it," Annie urged, "and I always thought your business prospects were as good as his."

"So they are; and I don't see how in the world Henly can keep up in such a style. It would be simply absurd for me to attempt it."

"Oh, Herbert, it does seem as if you might indulge me just a little!" said his wife, on the verge of bursting into tears; "you never have since we have been married."

Herbert contracted his brow into a brown.

"Mrs. Henly says I ought to have hired help," she continued; "and she says it's a shame for me to do all my work myself."

Herbert arose with an angry gesture.

"My home was a perfect paradise until that serpent entered it," he said bitterly, going out and shutting the door after him with a slam.

And Annie gave way to a flood of tears.

Hitherto nothing had occurred to mar the tranquility of their domestic happiness, and they had been married two whole years.

"Hallos, Norwell!" his friend, Charlie Walton, accosted him in the street one morning, "heard the news?"

"News!" echoed Herbert—"no."

"Henly failed, and committed suicide, and his wife is insane—hereditary on her side of the house, you know."

"How in the dickens did that happen?"

"Why, his outgoes have been greater than his income. You see he has been living on an extravagant scale, and got into debt, and his creditors came down upon him. Half the luxuries in his household are not paid for."

Herbert could hardly give credence to this statement, but he subsequently learned it to be true.

"Poor Henly!" he commented; "he was too ambitious to keep up appearances—and his ambition got the better of him."

"Henly has failed, Annie," Herbert quietly remarked, on his arrival home, "and committed suicide, and his wife is insane in consequence."

"Oh, Herbert, I should die if you should do such a thing," she cried, impulsively, overstepping the bounds of reserve, and throwing her arms around his neck.

"Never fear it, my darling," he said, smiling at her earnestness.

"But what made him fail?"

"Living beyond his means, my dear."

"Oh, Herbert, I have been sorry a hundred times since that I ever murmured at my surroundings. Hereafter I shall be contented to practise the strictest economy, and the only reward I ask is your love."

And once again their home was the abode of sunshine and happiness, and as the years rolled by, Herbert prospered and grew wealthy, and Annie was enabled to have servants at her command, and luxuries in abundance, but she attached less value to them than formerly, knowing at what a fearful cost they are sometimes obtained.

The Multiplication of Diseases.

Diseases multiply. One begets another. A trifling indisposition may, therefore, originate a complication of dangerous maladies. Indigestion begets far more formidable diseases: a multitude of ailments are traceable to constipation; fever and ague unhinges the entire nervous system, and is, therefore, the source of the protean ailments which affect that portion of the human organism. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, whether resorted to at the inception of those disorders of the stomach, bowels or liver, which give birth to the majority of diseases and disabilities, or taken when they have ripened into formidable maturity, are alike powerful to cure. The process of recovery is, of course, longer when the malady has gained headway, but it is none the less certain. Dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, kidney complaints and intermittent fever, invariably yield to the operation of the great alterative and invigorant.

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The Boudoir
FASHION NOTES & QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

We must give our attention to the little people this week, lest their small majesties should feel neglected.

We have seen some charming suits for both boys and girls. One, for a little girl five years old, was of violet-colored merino, with an overskirt and corsage of pale lilac. The underskirt was plain, laid in deep kilt plaits. The front fastened at the left side with bows of lilac velvet. The overdress had the body and skirt cut in one. The back was shorter than the sides and front.

The skirt of this basquine, at the middle of the back, came down in a point; the sides in long, square tabs, that reached to the bottom of the underskirt. The front was cut in a long, square vest, much shorter, however, than the side tabs; coat sleeves, trimmed with deep-pointed cuffs; high, round collar.

The basquine is of the pale lilac green, trimmed with a biss fold of the violet-colored merino. Grey chip hat, with rim turned up in front, and lined with violet-colored silk. Feather tips of pale lilac and violet, and a spray of white lilacs, complete this very charming toilette.

For a little boy four years old there was shown a suit of gray cassimere, the skirt kilt plaited; the vest long and square; the jacket, half tight fitting, coming down low on the hips, with square pocket flaps. It does not close at the throat, but has a rolling collar, with deep revers, which meet upon the chest, and are fastened with a button.

A deep, round collar, edged with Irish guipure, is worn with this suit, also a jockey cap of black velvet.

A street suit for a girl of twelve is of Scotch plaid, the underskirt trimmed with a deep kilting of the same. The upperskirt is round and plaid, trimmed with twisted woolen fringe, the same colors as those in the dress material. In this case blue and fawn were combined. The basque was a plain cuirass, with a double ruchiug of dark blue silk about the neck, coming down in a "V" shape on the bust, ending with a double bow and ends. Pointed cuffs on the sleeves of the same silk, also a bow on the outer seam of the silk. Hat of gray chip, trimmed with a dark blue scarf, and gray tips. Cluster of japonica buds under the rim, at the left side.

A costume for a baby two years old is made of white cashmere. The skirt is braided in white silk, star braid. The outer sacque is long and double breasted, trimmed with a deep band of coney fur; collar and cuffs of the same. A turban hat of white matelasse, with a band of fur about it, and a white wing at the left side.

A very elegant costume of velvet, and the new satin, striped in velvet, was made as follows:

Underskirt of black velvet, made plain, and with a demi-train; deep apron overdress of gray satin, striped with black velvet, and edged with black lace, "pearled" with jet; cuirass basque of the striped satin, cut in square tabs in front and back; trimmed with milliner's folds of satin, and edged with the same lace that trims the skirt. Sleeves of black velvet, with cuffs outlined by milliner's folds of the satin; a frill of lace falls over the hand. High ruche of tulle at the throat.

A toilet of olive-green silk and cashmere, the latter of the quality known as the India cashmere, was made as follows:

The underskirt of the silk, edged with a knife pleating of the same; also, a puff and standing ruffle. At the sides and in front were three shirred puffs, placed longitudinally, alternated with folds. The overskirt was of the cashmere; plain apron front, trimmed with three rows of deep fringe, with a netted heading, and bias folds of the silk. Cuirass basque of cashmere, with square tabs back, front, and at the sides. Those at the sides are edged with a fringe similar to that on the overskirt. A deep-pointed tab falls directly over the square tab at the back, and is ended by a deep tassel of silk. A long sash of silk is draped to form a bouffante at the back near the waist, and is then looped together low down the skirt. The sleeves are of the silk, trimmed with a longitudinal puff and frill on the outer seam; a square cuff, with three buttons on it, finishes the sleeve. High, round collar.

A costume of matelasse and faille, has the lower skirt of faille, with two deep flounces, divided by a wide band of matelasse. Square apron of matelasse, trimmed with deep crimped fringe; Squre pockets of silk, placed lengthwise at the sides, are fastened by bows of faille ribbon. Tight basque of matelasse, with long skirts forming a bouffante at the back—shorter at the sides and front. The sleeves are half tight-fitting, and have square cuffs of faille. The front is closed with lappets of faille, bound and fastened on with a crochet button to match the one to which the other end is buttoned. High pleated fraise of faille. Bonnet of black chip, lined with cream colored faille. Tea roses and cream colored scarf outside.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A novelty in the way of embroidery is the use of mother-of-pearl, cut thin, in leaves, stars, spangles, daisies, etc. It is sewed on tuille and lace for ball dresses.

Scotch plaids, with a coarse canvas ground striped with silk threads of scarlet or blue and ecru, will be much worn for the spring.

Mantles and mantelets will be worn with spring suits.

Black silk sacques and dolmans are all the style. Some embroidered in jet, others plain, and trimmed with fringe.

Open bonnets are composed of ruches of tuille, and fine wreaths of flowers. Street bonnets have a more prominent rim.

Plain India cashmere is the rage now for overdresses, and even entire suits; it comes in all delicate tints.

A new style of underskirt is called the Jupon Princesse. It has hoops in the back, forming a tournure, over which is a puffing of muslin. The front is plain, and drawn back by tapes.

Charming neckties of Valenciennes, guipure, d'Art, and even plain Swiss trimmed with insertion and lace, are tied carelessly above the collar, and have superseded the muffler of silk.

The "dog collars" are extremely popular. One of black velvet, with clasps and pendants of Byzantine mozaic, was very elegant.

Pale pink and blue ostrich tips will be much worn with the black chip hats, now in style.

Cream color is the fashionable tint for bonnet and hat linings.

Black lace veils, dotted with white spots of chenille, are among the latest novelties—a very questionable taste we think.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

K AND R.—The breakfast caps of fine Swiss, with a fluted edge, would be suitable.

MRS. I. E. T. (Danburgh, Georgia).—Answered your letter on the 24th. Trust soon to hear again from you.

MRS. L.—Your hair jewelry can be made here, in the most artistic manner, and certainly as reasonably as anywhere else. We know of several places where such work is done, but cannot recommend one above another. We can always have the work done for you.

LETTIE L.—The tints for spring of gray, fawn and brown, would be very desirable for the costume of a young friend of quiet taste. You are quite sensible in regard to your views about trimming dresses for street wear. We admire greatly, elegant simplicity.

MISS ANNETTE H.—Received your kind note. Accept our thanks for your appreciation. We shall always try to deserve it. Make your camel's hair suit with the underskirt trimmed with deep kilt plaiting. Deep round overdress, with half tight fitting basque trimmed with twisted woolen fringe or ball fringe. Use smoked pearl buttons, or if you prefer, crochet buttons of a medium size. NINON.

"SOUR GRAPES!"

BY WALTER BEDWIN.

A dainty note, perfumed and rosette,
Unopened lies upon my study table;
For ignorance is bliss, I ween, when Fate
But snaps the last link in Love's silver cable.

"Why don't I break the seal?" That's it. You see,
I much prefer suspense to a denial;
For, should it but a cold rejection be,
I fear my heart would break beneath the trial.

But, heh! what is the loss? A fickle girl—
One in a hundred thousand waiting lovers;
And I, one of the million men, a churl
Perhaps, as Cupid soon or late discovers.

Well, there, I know my fate—doubt's at an end;
I've mustered courage, and the seal is broken.
She cannot greet me more save as a friend—
Can ne'er again exchange Love's burning token.

The heart she placed within my custody
She claims again. Ah, well, I'll not be weeping,
But give it back, and not reluctantly.
"Sour Grapes!" Well, no; it wasn't worth the keeping!

SWORD AND SADDLE;

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN MEXICO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,

Author of "Silver Rifle," "River and Forest," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 3.

Another Inez, who proves a friend—A Ride for Life.

"Come," whispered Frank Hatton to his companion who stood on the Mexican threshold entranced by the vision of devotion and loveliness which had suddenly burst upon his sight. "Let us leave her to her orisons, and pray that in them may all our sins be remembered."

But the enraptured Richard did not move.

"I cannot leave this spot," he murmured, "I wonder why the girl has remained."

"Some penance I assure you, Richard."

"No penance for one so fair. She is prettier than Grivalja's Inez."

The girl was so wrapped in her devotions that the entrance of the young adventurers had occasioned no alarm. Her eyes fixed intently on the image that crowned the magnificent household shrine, she did not perceive the twain, and remained immobile until the name of the lassoer's dead love dropped almost noiselessly from Richard Julian's lips.

The musical word seemed possessed of magic. The prayer falling from the worshipper's lips was broken by the faint sound, and rising to her feet she noticed the respectful intruders.

Her face already pale became ghastly, and with a light cry of terror she retreated and from the farther side of the apartment gazed at the boys.

"Pardon us, my fair lady," said Richard, quickly. "We were wrong in disturbing your worship; but once upon your threshold we could not withdraw, without seeking the further gratification of our curiosity."

A faint smile wreathed the lips of the Mexican girl, and for the first time the youthful twain heard her voice.

"Are you not Americanos?" she asked.

"We belong to the Northern army," replied Frank.

"Where are the red eagles now?"

"They are near the city," said the youth, noticing the sarcastic tone in which the girl spoke. "To-morrow our flag will wave over the place."

A sigh escaped the girls' heart, and she came forward.

"Alas! poor Mexico!" she said," the prayers of the church, nor the valor of her heroes cannot save. The eagles of the North are without mercy, they have whetted their beaks and tear the heart of our poor land. And you, young Americanos, ride among the destroyers."

Nearer and nearer the startled youths came the passioned speaker, lovelier than ever in her indignation; and fearing her, our heroes instinctively retreated.

"Do not go," she said halting suddenly, "Inez will not hurt the young eagles. She is alone, and their coming has brought before her eyes all the open wounds of stricken Mexico. My father rides with Minion, and if he knew that his child permitted the foes of our country before her altar, he would plunge his lance through her heart."

"Our hands shall not be lifted against you, Senorita," said Frank Hatton. "We came to Mexico to fight her soldiers, not her daughters. But why are you alone here? Why is your home stripped of the costly furniture that must have graced it?"

"My uncle removed the goods," she said. "He would not let the American army touch a thing. But I would not go. I chose to remain here that I might pray for my country. But are you not afraid to ride alone so far from your countrymen?"

"We are not far from them."

"Valja may be near," she said.

"Who is Valja," asked Richard.

"The Guerrilla of Jalapa," she answered. "I saw him ride by this morning—he and his twenty lances. They are not far, and when the night is come, they will thrust their lance heads into the bosoms of their foes. Americanos, you are too young to fall before this son of Mexico," she continued with pity in her sweet voice: "The darkness is coming on, and the path to your comrades may be long. I would not keep you here until Valja comes."

"He comes here, then?"

"My father has given his child to Valja," answered the girl.

"Do you love him?"

Richard Julian could not suppress the interrogative.

"No! No!" she said with a shiver. "Valja held me on his knee when I was a babe. My father is not so old as he. But go, young Americanos. Return to your countrymen. If your horses are at the door, Valja may see them."

"Yes, let us go," said Frank to his comrade. "Trely it is getting dark, and Uncle Maurice will be uneasy."

The thought that her visitors were going pleased the girl, and a flush came to her face when Richard ventured to take her hand. She did not withdraw it, and the youth with the gallantry of a cavalier kissed it gently ere he let it go.

Then the twain moved towards the door that opened upon the veranda and their horses.

The Mexican girl followed, cautioning them to ride straight to the army, and spare not the endurance of their steeds.

"We thank you for telling us about Jalapa's guerilla," said Frank addressing the beautiful one. "We will keep our eyes open and he shall not catch us."

The last words were on his lips when Richard opened the door.

Without the house long shadows were falling, and the young fortune seekers noted them with feelings of distrust. They were several miles from the advance of the army, and the road over which they were compelled to ride was fringed with chaparral.

Their horses standing where they had been left greeted the young soldiers' eyes and a hasty *adios* was said to Inez who seemed impatient to see them off.

"If the Americanos come again," said the girl looking at the handsome face of Richard as she spoke, "they must come in the broad day time. Valja will keep before the conquering eagles."

"And we will come again, Senorita," responded Richard, blushing.

The boys were in the saddles during this brief conversation, and were gathering up the bridle lines when a wild cry broke from the the girl's lips.

"Ride! Americanos!" she cried pointing to the South. "See! see! Valja and his lances!"

Her voice and manner were enough to pale the cheeks of the youths, and instantly they turned to behold their foes.

So near they had approached without being observed that the tramp of their steeds were audible, and while the surprised adventurers looked, they saw the troop urge their horses into a gallop, and bring their long lances to a rest.

"Ride! ride!" shouted Inez seizing the reins of Richard's steed. "Valja never spares. *Al lanzadas!* is his war cry."

"We ride not away, fair lady, unless you tell us that Valja will not harm you for trying to save us—two of Mexico's enemies!"

"Valja dare not touch Donjero's child," she said proudly.

"Then we go. *Adios!*" cried Richard, and as the girl sprang back the Americans struck their horses with keen pointed spurs, and darted off like the rocket.

Their first care was to loosen their pistols, and then the swords received attention.

"If it comes to the worse we'll die among their lances as becomes Americans!" said Richard to his comrade with determination. "After the fight, Valja shall not boast of twenty lances."

Glancing over their shoulders the boys saw their pursuers bearing down upon them with ill-omened swiftness. Every lance was at the fatal "draw," and the sight so war-like drew ejaculations of admiration from the fugitives.

Far beyond the lancers a figure knelt on the ground listening for the victorious cries of Valja's band and praying, as Richard Julian thought, for the escape of her lover's foes. She soon failed from sight, and fate decreed that the young cavaliers should escape the lances of Jalapa's guerilla.

For after the exciting chase, the closely pressed fugitives come in sight of the Americans and three miles from Jalapa, and Valja found himself in turn pursued by a body of cavalry belonging to Twigg's command.

PUNCTUALITY.

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no business without punctuality. Punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family; the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty. Punctuality is important as it gains time; it is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much more as a bad one. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality; a disorderly man is always in a hurry; he has no time to speak with you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character. "Such a man has made an appointment; then I know he will keep it." And this generates punctuality in you; for like other virtues it propagates itself; servants and children must be punctual, where their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts. I owe you punctuality if I have made an appointment with you; and have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.

FRIENDSHIP, the wine of life, should, like a well-stocked cellar, be continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think that, although we can seldom add what will equal the generous first growth of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it mellow and pleasant. Warmth will, no doubt, make a very considerable difference; men of affectionate temper and bright fancy will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are dull and cold.

To speak the truth is useful to him to whom it is spoken, but sadly the reverse to him who speaks it, for it makes him hated.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—A Very Honest Man. What Made Him Sick. A Journey South. Cured of an Adventurous Mind. Harry's Visit. Unveiled.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EDITRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

☞ BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

W. P. H.—We have never seen that we know of the "electrical tinder boxes" that you speak of, and are therefore unable to give you any information as to price, etc.

CENTENNIAL.—The Crystal Palace in New York was first opened to the public in the presence of the President of the United States, on July 4th, 1853, and was destroyed by fire on October 5th, 1858.

ENGINEER.—Watt was not the inventor; he was only the improver of the steam engine. The first attempt at a practical engine was made by the Marquis of Worcester, in 1663; and in 1698 Captain Savary introduced his engine, which was the first useful machine ever formed.

C. W. B.—"How many bones are there in the human body?" There are two hundred and forty-six, and they are apportioned to the various parts of the body in the following numbers: Head contains 8; ears, 6; the face, 14; teeth, 32; back bone and its base, 26; chest, etc., 56; arms and hands, 64; legs and feet, 62; small movable bones, 8.

K. E. S.—The mere fact of your husband having deserted you for so many years, and of your not having heard of or from him, and being even ignorant as to whether he is still living or not, would not permit you legally to marry again. Were you to do so, without reliable proof of his death, in the event of his returning, the second marriage would be null and void.

LAWYER.—As we know nothing about you, we cannot, of course, judge whether you are right or not in your own estimate of yourself, where you say that you have "leisure and brains enough" to study for the particular profession which you seem to have marked out for yourself. This is a matter regarding which we must decline offering any opinion. Just on the point of bashfulness, seeing that you are now only sixteen years of age, there is no doubt whatever that in time, as you grow older and more experienced, this bashfulness will wear off.

J. F. O. B.—You are only suffering from what is called "breaking of the voice," an organic change in the larynx, the organ of the voice, which occurs in boys between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. Before that age the larynx of boys resembles that of a female; but when the voice begins to break, the chords become lengthened at least one-third; the angle of the thyroid cartilage becomes enlarged, and the muscles which connect the organs of the voice with the hyoid bone and base of the tongue becomes elongated. While the change of form is taking place, the voice is unfitted for singing, and should be used only with great care.

WASHINGTON.—"I have read somewhere that there is always a Sabbath, or day set apart for consecrated purposes, among various people without intermission; will you tell me if this is the case?" By different nations every day of the week is set apart for public worship. Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews. Add to this the fact of the diurnal revolution of the earth giving every variation of longitude at a different hour, and it becomes apparent that every moment is Sabbath somewhere.

FARMER.—"Is there anything in the idea that color is any indication of the breed and endurance of a horse?" Some persons are inclined to give the preference to the darker colors, from the fact that among animals generally the lighter the skin the weaker the energy. Lord Bacon seems to have entertained the same idea, when he asserted white to be the color of defect. In some respects, white may be regarded as denoting debility. Renewed skin generally produces white hair, and grays become gradually lighter as they advance in years. The most esteemed as well as the most common colors are the bay, gray, brown, black and chestnut.

M. L.—"Can you inform one in whose family the POST has been taken for thirty-eight years, where a book of instruction on the Kindergarten system could be had, stating price, and you will much oblige one who takes a deep interest in the culture of children?" It affords us much pleasure to be able to comply with the request of so old and valued a friend of the POST. The most complete book on the Kindergarten system that we know of is called "Ed. Weibe. A Manual of Instruction, by Friedrich Froebels. A Practical Guide to Kindergarten in four parts." We can get it for you and send it to you by mail, pre-paid, on receipt of four dollars.

BUSINESS.—To scour feathers, cut up into small pieces four ounces of white soap, and dissolve in four pounds of moderately hot water in a large basin. Beat this into a lather. Two bundles of the feathers, tied with pack-thread, are then introduced and rubbed well with the hands for five or six minutes; then wash them well in water as hot as the hand can bear. To bleach them, they are immersed in hot water mixed with Spanish white; after which they are washed in three waters in succession. To render the ribs more pliant, scrape them with the edge of a piece of glass. To make the filament curl, pass them in the required direction over the edge of a blunt knife.

A SIX YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—1. Cutaneous cosmetics are always dangerous. Pearl white, probably the least injurious of these articles, has been known to cause spasmodic trembilings of the muscles of the face, ending in paralysis. The redness you mention is probably constitutional, and to diminish it is all that can be done. Avoid a heated diet, particularly highly seasoned food, and drink water only. You might bathe the face occasionally in milk; violet powder, or a preparation of fuller's earth, is an innocent and useful application. Beyond this we should not like to advise you. 2. How to improve your writing. By practice. It is certainly capable of improvement, but that will come in time.

J. C. D.—Ezra Cornell, the founder and endower of the university that bears his name, at Ithaca, New York, was born at West Chester Landing, West Chester county, New York, January 11th, 1807. His parents were very poor, and from his twelfth year he had to work hard for his living, and consequently had but few educational advantages. Yet one of the conditions upon which the State Legislature transferred to Cornell University certain lands in the West, some 990,000 acres, if we mistake not, was that one student from each Assembly district in the State should be afforded the opportunity of being educated free of cost. For all information regarding the rules and regulations of the university, you had better address the principal of the institution direct.

INQUISITIVE.—According to the law, a man capitally convicted must be "hanged by the neck till he is dead." Therefore, a man sentenced to be hanged, when cut down at the end of the prescribed hour, if found to be living, would have to be hanged over again. There is no authenticated instance on record that we know of, of any one surviving suspension by the neck for even a quarter of an hour. Very ignorant people delight in swallowing the most incredible assertions. In the last generation the vulgar firmly believed that Fauntleroy, the banker, was never hanged at all, yet hundreds of persons saw his dead body lying in a house in the Old Bailey opposite Newgate prison, in London, from whence it was conveyed for decent interment in Bunhill Fields burying ground.

PUZZLED.—So you have been reading the Evolution theory, and cannot understand what it means. We will try and enlighten you. Evolution is the doctrine of the descent of man from the lowest form of organized life, his first recognized ancestor being, says Darwin, a hairy anthropoid ape. We presume Darwin to have been its author. Although Linnæus placed man in the order of primates, with bats, lemurs, and apes, yet modern naturalists exalted him to a separate kingdom. Evolution means merely an unrolling or unfolding. Such a theory distinctly denies the separate creation of man and the design of varied animals, and supposes that animals, by the survival of the fittest and strongest specimens, adapted themselves to various climates, and "grew" into what they are.

HATTER.—"When in the old country, in Ireland, when I was learning my trade, the hatters always held a festival on St. Clement's day, but I never could find out the reason why; can you tell me?" There is a tradition among hatters that St. Clement, the fourth Bishop of Rome, was flying from his persecutors, his feet became blistered, in consequence of which he was induced to put wool between the soles of his feet and the sandals which he wore. The consequence was, that by the perspiration and motion of his feet the wool became completely "felted," as if wrought on purpose. When he afterwards settled in Rome, he improved upon the discovery. Hence the origin of felting and hat making. The hatters in Ireland, and in several other Catholic countries, still hold a festival on St. Clement's day, we believe, or did up till a few years ago, according to your own experience.

BLACKSTONE.—The origin of the term "foolscap" has doubtless puzzled many writers who use the paper known by that name, and yet, as in many similar cases, it took its name from a very simple circumstance. Charles I. of England, granted numerous monopolies in support of the government. Among others was the manufacture of paper. The watermark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, and large fortunes were made by those who purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles I to the scaffold, and by way of showing their contempt for the king they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool with his cap and bells to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the foolscap was taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size which the Parliament ordered for their journals, bears the name of the watermark placed there as an indignity to Charles.

T. U. H. (Tallahassee).—In answer to your question as to whether there is any truth in the popular saying that Friday is an unlucky day, we can only say, that whatever it may have been to other countries, Friday has been a most eventful and fortunate day in the history of America. Friday, Christopher Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery. Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America. Friday, Henry VII gave Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded. Friday, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, arrived at Provincetown, and on Friday, they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution. Friday, George Washington was born. Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made. Friday, the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown occurred, and on Friday, the motion was made in Congress that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be free and independent.

LISA.—"What is my name an abbreviation or corruption of, and do you know the signification and origin of the name Bridget?" Lisa is one of the commonest forms of the name Elizabeth, as for instance, Eliza, Bessie, Betsey, Betty, Lizzie, Libby, Elsie, Isabella, Isabel and Belle. The name Elizabeth means "God's oath." Aaron's wife was Eli Sebeba, meaning "God hath sworn." The name occurs in many forms in the Bible, and has an almost endless number of derivatives at the present day. Isabel is a form of the name which is translated to mean "Baal's oath," and is more used in Scotland and Spain. 2. Bridget is a Celtic word, meaning strength. Brighd was always a favorite female name in Ireland, owing to a maiden who became a pupil of St. Patrick, and rose to be the head of five hundred nuns. She was one of the patron saints of Ireland, and was regarded with great veneration and devotion, both there and in Scotland. Sweden has a Brigitta of somewhat similar history.

A. T. H.—"What Utica is referred to in the quotation:

'No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.'

Is it Utica, N. Y., and if so, what is the meaning of the lines, and who were they written by?" The Utica referred to in the above quotation was a city in the Roman Empire. In the year 46 B. C., Marcus Porcius Cato, a celebrated Roman philosopher, the Cato who delivered that famous speech on the Catiline conspiracy, denouncing Cæsar, which is known to every one, was sent to by Cæsar to Utica. Cato advised the Roman senators and knights who were with him to escape from Utica, and make terms with the victor, but prohibited all intercessions in his own favor. Considering freedom as that which "alone sustains the name and dignity of man," and unwilling to survive the independence of his country, he resolved to die rather than surrender, and committed suicide by stabbing himself in his breast. The above two lines are taken from an epilogue to "Cato," a play written in 1778 by one Jonathan Mitchell Sewall, for the Hew Street Theatre, Portsmouth, N. H.

LAWYER.—The etymological derivation of the term, trial by jury, is the Latin *juro*, I swear. Inquiry into facts on behalf of the crown by means of juries was frequent in England long before trial by jury was used for judicial purposes. It has been urged that the present kind of juries are the same functionaries as the *dikasts* of the Athenians, and the *judices* of the Romans. We think it likely that the form of trial was derived from the Normans. The trial by wager was a totally different institution, and so was the trial *per pares* in the county courts. Though there are some traces of the trial by jury in the four reigns which immediately succeeded the Norman Conquest, it was not till a century later that this institution became permanently established, and reduced to a regular system. At the end of the thirteenth century the trial by jury in criminal cases had become common. Introduced originally as a matter of favor and indulgence, it gained ground with advancing civilization, gradually superseding the more ancient and barbarous customs of battle ordeal and wager of law, until it became, both in civil and criminal cases, the ordinary mode of determining facts for judicial purposes.

J. E. N.—"What is jute, and from where does it come? I have asked several of my friends, but they know no more than I do." Jute is a fibrous plant that grows to a high stalk, varying from six to twelve feet high. It is raised in the lowlands of the East Indies. The jute plantations are operated somewhat on the system of rice plantations. The water used for flooding purposes is taken from rudely constructed reservoirs filled by the melting snow of the Himalaya Mountains. The plant is kept growing in about eighteen inches of water, which prevents the parching rays of a tropical sun from destroying it. When the stalk has attained its full growth, it is pulled up by the roots, or cut off near the roots. It is then laid out in bales like wheat or rye, and prepared for market. The bark is removed, the root is cut off where it is pulled up with the stalk, and where the root is not originally kept, the hard, lower end is cut off and thrown into a class commercially known as jute butts. The remainder is then assorted with regard to length, strength, fineness, and lustre of fibre. The first quality is a beautiful, clear, long fibre, much of it resembling in appearance blonde hair. This is especially used for chignons, but it is also used in the manufacture of fine jute cloths. The cultivation of jute has been successfully attempted in England, and a good crop of fibre has been obtained, but the plants did not ripen their seeds well, and did not attain their full height.

INNOCENT.—Pay no attention to slanderers or gossip-mongers. Keep straight in your course, and let their backbitings die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at night, brooding over the remark of your false friend, that runs through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of fretting over a piece of gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody, who has more time than character? There things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating them, give them character and standing. If what is said about you is true, then you should set yourself right at once; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all backbitings and gossipings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Bear in mind always that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

E. A. K. (Lancaster).—"There has been quite a discussion at home as to whether the present Pope, Pius IX, is the oldest Pope that ever occupied the Papal seat, and we have concluded to leave it to you to settle it." He is not. Pius IX attained his eighty-second year on May 13th, 1874. Since 1378, out of fifty-three popes, fifteen exceeded their eightieth year. Gregory XII, who abdicated the very year of his election, reached the age of ninety-two years. Calixtus III and Benedict XIII were each over eighty-one at the time of their deaths. Alexander VIII and Pius VI died after passing their eighty-second year. Gregory XIII, Innocent X, Benedict XIV, and Pius VII, went beyond the age of eighty-three. Paul III died after reaching his eighty-fourth year. Boniface VIII, Clement X, and Innocent XII, exceeded eighty-six. Pope Clement XII attained the age of eighty-eight, and Paul IV died at ninety-three. Gregory IV, who was elevated to the popedom at the age of eighty-six, reigned nearly fourteen years, and died almost a centennarian. John XXII died at the age of ninety, and Celestin III at ninety-two. Among the popes whose ages have been registered in history, we find twenty who have more or less surpassed his Holiness, Pius IX, in longevity.

J. J. B. (Washington, D. C).—Strictly speaking, England has not a standing army; and though this may appear somewhat startling to you, yet it is the truth, and if you will take the trouble to study English history, you will find that so it is. Englishmen have ever been an opposed to standing armies, that the House of Commons, who may be called the guardians of the public purse, vote from year to year the money which is the sinews of war, and which maintains their army. If it so pleased them, they could vote away the men's pay, and reduce England to an utterly defenceless state; this, of course is never likely to occur. 2. The state of Europe is certainly not very assuring, when we read of all the different countries making such extensive preparations towards putting their military forces in the most efficient condition. When so much fuel is stored, we may look for an alarming conflagration. Germany has now, with an efficient Landsturm, 2,800,000 men able to be put on foot; Russia has, let us say, at least 2,500,000; France soon hopes to have 1,800,000; Italy nearly 1,000,000; Austria about the same number if Spain "pulls herself together," she may hope to have 500,000; and the smaller States have each a pretty handful. England, who is a first-rate European power, has only 100,000, and not half of these are available for foreign war. What she has are good, but what are they among so many?

HIBERNIA.—Every country has its own peculiar custom regarding mourning. Among the ancients mourning was expressed by various signs—tearing their clothes, wearing sackcloth, laying aside ensigns of honor; thus Plutarch, from the time of his leaving the city with Pompey, neither shaved his head, nor, as usual, wore the crown or garland. Amongst the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained by law, for women who had lost their husbands. The colors of the dress or habit worn to signify grief vary in different countries. In Europe, the ordinary color for mourning is black, which, being the privation of light, is supposed to denote the termination of life. In China, it is white, the emblem of purity, which color was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies. In Egypt, it is yellow, which, representing the color of leaves when they fall, and sowere when they fade, signifies that death is the end of all human hopes. In Ethiopia, brown, which denotes the earth to which all the dead return. In Turkey, blue, which is an emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys. Kings and cardinals mourn in purple or violet, which is supposed to express the combination of sorrow and hope. The custom of mourning for the dead in shrieks and howlings is of great antiquity, and prevails universally among the followers of Mahomet.

YANKEE DOODLE.—"Now that we are all getting the Centennial fever, more or less, we have been trying to find out, among other things, the origin of our national flag, and of the stars and stripes. As you seem to be very much interested in the Centennial movement, I think you will be able to tell us all about what we want to know." The stars and stripes became the national flag of the United States of America by virtue of a resolution of Congress passed June 14th, 1777. The use of stripes to mark the number of States on the flag cannot be clearly traced, but can be accounted for by a custom of the camp at Cambridge. The army of citizen volunteers comprised all grades of men. Very few were uniformed. It was almost impossible for the sentinels to distinguish general officers from privates. Frequently officers were placed at the outposts and held for identification until the arrival of the officer of the day. Orders were issued that the different grades of officers should be distinguished by a colored ribbon of light blue. The stars on the blue field—"a new constellation"—were suggested by the constellation Lyra, time-honored as an emblem of union. The thirteen stars with which the flag was originally adorned were to represent the number of States, and from time to time, as new States have been annexed, the number of stars have been increased.

EDWARD McP. (Boston, Ills.).—"Can you tell me which is the highest, an emperor or a king, and emperor or czar." Of the modern titles of sovereignty the highest is that of emperor, next is king, then grand duke, elector, and duke, which ceased to be an independent sovereign title under Louis XII, in France, and disappeared in Germany (except in Nassau) at the commencement of the present century, with palatine, margrave, burgrave, rhingrave, wildgrave, and altgrave. Landgrave alone, of all the old Teutonic titles, is still kept on by the rulers of Hesse Homburg; this last is the most ancient of all the special German names. It was invented so long ago as 1130 by Louis third Count of Thuringia, who adopted it in order to distinguish himself from the crowd of counts around him. It is sometimes a matter of difficulty for a new beginner at the business to get himself acknowledged by the neighboring sovereigns as king or emperor. The Russian sovereigns were called autocrat, great lord, grand duke and czar; but when they undertook to call themselves emperor, they met trouble. The Emperor of Germany, Leopold I, was so offended by this assumption of a title which he considered to be his personal monopoly that he wrote to Peter, in 1687, to declare that he would send back all letters containing this most reprehensibly presumptuous audacity. Peter, however, persisted; and in 1721, after his victory at Pultova over Charles XII, the title of Emperor of All the Russias was officially conferred upon him by the Russian Senate and the Holy Synod.

CENTENNIAL (No. 2).—"Please give me the dates on which the five great Exhibitions, or Expositions, as they were called, were held in Europe, and any information as to how long they remained open, and the number of visitors to each, so far as you can find out." The Great Exhibition of 1851, held in London, was opened on the 1st of May, and remained open for payment for 141 days. The number of visitors was 6,039,195, and £424,322 was received for admission. The Exposition Universelle of 1855, at Paris, was opened on the 15th of May, and remained open 200 days, Sundays included. The number of visitors was 5,162,330, and £128,000 was received for admissions. The International Exhibition of 1862, in London, was opened on the 1st of May, and remained open 171 days. The number of visitors was 6,211,103, and £408,436 was received for admissions. The Exposition Universelle of 1867, at Paris, was opened on the 1st of April, and remained open 212 days, Sundays included. The number of visitors was no less than 9,805,000, and £420,736 was received for admissions. The Universal Exhibition of 1873, at Vienna, was opened on the 1st of May, and remained open 186 days. Sundays included. The number of visitors was 6,740,500, and £206,478 was received for admissions. Thus the total number of visitors at these five great International Exhibitions was 32,959,087, and £1,588,164, a sum equal to $7,940,820 of our money, was received for admissions. The Progress Medal, as it was termed at